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Arts O'Brien

or

The Flower of Kilmona

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Barney  
Author

Williams  
Proprietor



# INTRODUCTION.

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THE leading ideas for this Drama are taken from Carleton's *At. Maguire; or the Broken Pledge* (American edition), but there has been no attempt at a close adherence to either story or text. Without in the least desiring to forestal or disarm criticism, the Author would point out that the evil characters of most of the *dramatis personæ* are inseparable from a warning work of this kind—the curse of drink is fostered and developed by such characters, and it would be mere idle affectation to deny that they exist to a limited degree in Ireland, as well as in other countries; but, at the same time, it must be insisted on that they are now far less common in the Green Isle, than they were in the days when Carleton penned his powerful tale.

THE AUTHOR.



# DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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ART. O BRIEN.

FRANK, *his brother.*

TOAL O'DOWL.

COONEY, *his father.*

JIMMY MURRAY, *father of Maggie and Kauth.*

PATSEY, *son of Art.*

MURTY NOLAN.

JEAMES POWDERWIG, *an English footman.*

BARNEY SCADHAN, *a publican,*

TIM FLANAGAN, *a carpenter.*

LARRY.

SHAUNEEN.

MAGGIE MURRAY, *afterwards wife of Art. O'Brien.*

KAUTH MURRAY, *her sister, afterwards wife of Frank.*

WIDOW BRANIGAN.

BIDDY, *servant of Art.*

*Workmen, Neighbours, &c., &c.*

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SCENE—*West of Ireland.*

TIME OF ACTION—*About thirteen years.*

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ART. O'BRIEN:

OR

THE FLOWER OF KILMONA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—(*A stone-wall lane in the County of Galway; wall at back, practicable and open Farm house in distance. COONEY O'DOWL, L. C.; JIMMY MURRAY, R. C.; TOAL O'DOWL concealed behind the wall, L. from MURRAY, but not from his father and audience; all discovered and talking:—*)

Cooney. Thru for ye, Jimmy; it's just me own iday, too,—sorra, and want, and distress, 'ill be in the land wid this murderin' spring weather—an' where'll the poor be then, God help them?

Jimmy. (*With an ugly smile*). Where, indade? But sure it's an ill wind blows no man good luck; an' wid all that fine store at yere back, sorra a one o' me sees where it is ye'll have to complain any way, Cooney, wid prices risin' galore!

Cooney. (*With a cynical grin on his harsh features*.) No, nor you, Jimmy Murray, nayther, mebee. They do talk av yere havin' more of all sorts in the barn than meself—poor old *scaliogue* that I am! (*With a burst of frankness*.) But come, Jimmy, where's the use of our talkin' this fashion? Sure neyther of us 'ill be to the bad, come Michaelmas, an' it's time—we're both neyther of us so young as we wer, Jimmy—we settled out o' hand that matter betune me Toal an' your shl p of a girl—

Jimmy. Which shl p? Shure there's two o' them; an' both as fine geruls as ye'd see this side o' the Lough ayont—but what is it ye're dhruvin' at?

Cooney. Arrah what are ye talkin' of man? Ye know well what I mane—aren't we to put the two monies together by marrying my Toal to your Maggie.

*Jimmy. (Laughing).* Bedad there's four to that bargain, an' Cooney. Well—an' there's me, and there's Toal, an' there's y willin' ; an' sure the colleen won't go again us ?

*Jimmy.* Ye say so, Mr. O'Dowl, but faix it's not meself th, all sure.

*Cooney. (Beckoning silence to Toal, who has been making i's so motions from behind the wall.)* Well, Mr. Murray, ye know yer mind best ; but av I was you—mind I'm only talkin' as a friend easy family—I'd sooner see me hard-earned money go to a young clown know how to dale wid it and make more of it—(divil a bether tho at bargaining, the whole country side, than my Toal !)—than to as spendthrift fellow like that rip of an Art O'Brien—— and

*Jimmy.* Art. O'Brien, inagh ! an' who'd give him a pound t a he'd spend it the next minnit—for all the fine ould blood he has i veins—and (*musin'g*) a fine looking chap, into the bargain ? out

*Cooney.* Thru for ye ! He'd spend ivery penny, before ye his cowl'd in yere grave —— (*Toal leans over the wall, and whispers t father, who goes on*) an' he may be a fine fellow enough, but my T be not so bad—— his

*Jimmy.* Arrah, Cooney ! where's the use o' talkin' ? Sure al's gerul in Galway'd take a hunched-up little divil like Toal, av could get anything like a man, at all, at all ! no

*Toal. (Aside, with a black look of hate at Murray)——* Hunched little divil !

*Cooney. (Aside, and waving him down.)* Be d'a husht, avic ; Wup Jimmy Murray, say he isn't so much to look at——

*Jimmy. (Interrupting with a brutal laugh.)* Much to look ill, Bedad Maggie was laughin' the other day, an' 'she says, says si "Sure little Toal's like the poonch in the show, barrin' he hasn't t ! faytures so good ;" ha, ha !

*Toal. (Aside and bitterly.)* A poonch widout the faytures ! he meself that'll be avin wid ye for that, me fine-feathered colleen !

*Cooney. (In a rage.)* Oh ! a poo ch, barrin' the faytures ! F's Murray ; that's the talk, is it ? Oh ! then, good mornin' to you, l Murray ! an' its meself that'll be proud to dance jigs at Miss Magg r. weddin' wid Art. O'Brien that isn't worth a traneeen for money——f an, an meybee he don't know how to wag his little finger (*imita's drinking*) neyther. Begorra, it's fine they'll be ! Ould blood, on whiskey, an' ould cabin to live in, an' ould Jimmy Murray's Mag e's to make rale poonch wid plenty av faytures—the faytures of sin, ad av sorra, and av want ! ha ! ha !

*Jimmy. (Deprecatingly.)* Oh, Cooney, Cooney, be dacent no d ur :——

*Cooney. (Interrupting, and becoming bitter as his passion cool's)* Dacent ! The divil a much dacency 'ill be left whin Art. gets at t whiskey a bit ; an' sure it's he that likes the sup of it sence he was g ssoon ! So (*turning to go*), I'll jest say good mornin' to ye, M e Murray—— a

*Toal. (Whispering.)* Sure ye won't give up that a way ? Arr f p r : a thwi t on him wid that bend of his, ye hold—sure its payable a month's notice.

*Cooney.* An' (*returning*), av it's plaisin' to ye, Mr. Murray—— 1



*Jimmy.* Ah don't be misthering me, Cooney ! What are you dhriuing at ?

*Cooney.* (*Not noticing the interruption.*) Av it's plaisin' to ye, Mr. Murray, I'll throuble ye for that trifle of a hundred pounds yere paying me interest on (*Jimmy starts*). Bedad I'm just in want of it when the month's notice's up—prices 'ill be low till after then, an' I can buy in all the praties and male till the rise begins ; as ye said jest now, "Sure it's an ill wind blows no man good luck," an'——

*Jimmy.* Ah, thin, what's come over the man ? Sure it's jokin' me ye are, Cooney ?

*Cooney.* Oh, the divil a joke ! A bargain's a bargain, all the world over——

*Toal.* (*Aside.*) Stick it into him well, or he'll think ye're only coddling him——

*Cooney.* Ahem ! An' I don't break bargains meself, nor do I let others break theirs. So I'll jest step down home, an' write the bit of a notice—good mornin', Mr. Murray !

*Jimmy.* (*Catching at him as he goes L.*) Arrah, what talk's this, at all ? Who wants to break a bargain, Cooney O'Dowl ? Come back, man ! Not ould Jimmy Murray, I'll go bail. Sure stand there like a Christen, an' don't be playin' games wid us.

*Cooney.* (*Molified a little, but still on his dignity.*) I'm playin' no games, Jiminy Murray, but—sure it's best to be plain ?—I'll have the bargain stuck to—Toal must marry Maggie, or I'll have my money ; an' ye must settle ye're promise down at wanst ; for after this month, as ye well know, ye cute ould fox, ye, prices 'ill be goin' up an' up, an' ye'd rape all the benefit of the bad saison, an' not me——

*Jimmy.* Thru for ye, Cooney, sure I'd not desave a knowledgeable man like yere own self——

*Cooney.* Ay, that's fine talk, but I'll talk finer—av Toal an' Maggie's married before Michaelmas——

*Jimmy.* Oh, be reasonable !

*Cooney.* Well, then, before Christmas ; or, to be dacent wid you, within a year from this blessed day—I'll give ye back the bond for nothin'——

*Jimmy.* For nothin' ! Oh, be the mortal !——

*Cooney.* Purvided, purvided, I say, ye'll settle the £100 on Maggie, to be her own, own——

*Jimmy.* (*Eagerly.*) Ay, after I've had the rise of prices out of it !

*Cooney.* (*Musingly.*) Well, yes ; sure it'll all come to her and Kauth wan day. We'll fix it this a way : Maggie to have the £100 down as a weddin' gift—an' sure it'll be my present, not yours—and two-threes of the rest when ye go to yere account, Jimmy Murray ? Now, understandh me—jest a twelvemonth for the weddin', from this ; or I have me £100 back at wanst ; an' I'll give ye notice ivery month, jest to tie ye to the bargain.

*Jimmy.* (*Affecting to laugh.*) Ah, ye're mighty cautious——

*Toal.* (*Aside to his father.*) Wanst bit, twice shy !

*Jimmy.* But I make the bargain, an' there's me hand on it—(*they slap hands*). Sure I was on'y playin' the joke on ye about what Maggie said—divil a word but jokin' ! "Poonch wdout the

faytures!" ha! ha! just to fancy the colleen'd have the wit to say it!—divil a bit she did ayther, but just me jokin', ha! ha!

*Toal.* (*Aside, and coming forwards as the others move off talking, L.*) But I know she *did* say it; and when she's mine she'll know I know it too! And av that bargain's not kep—and me heart misgives me but Art. O'Brien (whom I hate for his good looks, hate for his winnin' ways wid the geruls, hate like poison for his ould blood, and his fine talk, an' his giutalry!)—my heart misgives me but Art. will be wan too many for me. Av that bargain's not kep, I, yes I, the despised "Poonch widout the faytures," 'ill have my revenge! A roofless, bare home 'ill revenge me—want, and sorra, and misery 'ill revenge me—drink 'ill—ha! ha! I know my game wid the ould blood—revenge me—blows 'ill revenge me! Blood, and meybee murder itself, 'ill revenge Toal O'Dowl! (*Exit R.*)

*Cooney.* (*Coming forward.*) Well, then, Jimmy, sure that's settled, an' we're all ould friends agaim. Sure it's meself thought ye was jokin' all along?

*Jimmy.* Av coorse it was on'y me jokes. Sure there'll be no throuble at all at all, wid the shlip, who's as dacent and sensible a ge'ul as there's in Kilmona—the flower of Kilmona, as they call her. (*Both exit, L. talking.*)

## ACT I.

SCENE II.—(*Rough kitchen-garden at some considerable distance behind Murray's farm; practicable hedges for concealment, &c.; summer-house with two entrances. MAGGIE discovered, hanging clothes to dry on hedge, and singing:*)

*Maggie:—*

"HAPPY COLLEEN."

(*Bright and cheerful Air.*)

"Happy Colleen! Working gaily  
In a plenteous home of joy,  
Waiting for the blissful morning,  
When ye'll wed yere own true boy!

Happy Colleen! Sure there's pleasure,  
Working hard although you may,  
Father. Mother, all expect it,  
Working, singing, all the day!

Happy Colleen! Where's the trouble  
E'er can rend your own true heart?  
Where's the darkness, where's the sorrow,  
Dragging troth plight loves apart?

Happy Colleen! Sure no trouble  
Ever at your door shall stand?  
For your lover's bold and constant,  
Working hard to earn your hand!"

Poor Art! Who'd iv'r think, now, whin he was a little gossoon, g'ttin' bet iv'ry day at schule, that he'd grow up to be sich a fine scholar, and write fine po'try for his little Maggie to sing? Oh, and

didn't he put the fine tune to it? Though it's meself thinks ould Roddy, the fiddler yon, had more to say about that than he'd iver let on! But sure it's all the ould blood—and meybæe he hasn't wrote the fine song about that neyther?—the grand ould blood of the O'Briens, that was quality when we was on'y—what's this Art. calls it? Sure it's meself is the fule this day to misrimimber—well, it was something, an' that's more than all can rimimber. Ha! ha! Well I am a cliver sip:—(*Hums.*) “Happy Colleen, sure there's pleasure!” Ah! an' if there's pleasure, there's work, too, and plenty av it. Washing, and scrubbin', an' bakin', an'—well, well, if father and mother *are* close, sure where's the harm? They worked hard, and Kauth an' I must work, too; an' av there *is* plinty of money in the bank, sure it's no harm to make more of it? Only I wish me father'd be a bit more kind to the poor. Sure it's awful to think how close he is, an' what'll bad name he's got for a skinflint! Ah, well, sure Kauth and I'll make it up to them, the cratures some day; and manwhiles who so happy as I and Kauth? “Happy Colleen! working gaily,” &c.; an' I am happy too—wid me own, own, darlin' Art plighted to me—ay, plighted; there's the broken sixper.ce. (*Kisses it.*)——

*Toal O'Dowl.* (*Creeps in behind hedge L.*) Plighted! An' the broken sixpence! Is it stolen a march on me he has?

*Maggie.* (*Going on with her work, shivers.*) Sure there's some one walking over me grave!

*Kauth.* (*Without.*) Maggie! Maggie! mother wants ye in! Come up out o' that at wanst.

*Maggie.* (*Singing.*) “Happy Colleen! where's the trouble?” &c.

(*And exit M. E. R.*)

*Toal.* (*Coming forward with a scowl.*) Where's the trouble? *Here's* the trouble! Here, deep down in the heart of Toal O'Dowl! But he'll share it; never fear, he'll share it wid you, Miss Maggie Murray, fair and pretty as ye are! av ye decave him—but she *has* decaved me! Plighted to Art. O'Brien! ha, ha, that's a plight ould Jimmy Murray'll soon break through! Catch him lettin' £100 go, and a bad sais n comin' on, all through a fule of a love-sick gerul! Lovesick—what's this love, they all talk of? (*Shrugs his shoulders.*) The devil a one o' me knows, no, nor could never conc ve eyther; but love or no love, I know what a fine slip of a gerul is when I see wan—inpecially when there's a fine bit o' money, too—so Miss Maggie Murray ye jest *must* be mine whether yere plighted to Art. O'Brien or not! Some min's figures and face, and some min's brains; and, bedad, brains ginerally bates the faces and figures in the long rin! Whist! What's that devil's ruction? (*Listens to singing S. E. L.*) Oh! be jabers, it's this ranting, bould boy himself; good morning to ye, Misther O'Brien! I'm in luck's way to-day, and may hear more love-makin' than they know of; so I'll hide back a bit! (*Conceals himself c.*)

*Art.* (*Outside singing:*)

### “THE OULD BLOOD.”

(*Bold, defiant Air*)

Oh, the ould blood, the bould blood!

The blood of the proud O'Briens,

It never can rest,

But must strive with the best,

For the prize, though guarded by lions!

Oh, the ould blood, the bould blood !  
 The blood of the rosiest hue,  
     It bubbles and boils,  
     If caught fast in the toils,  
 Of vill'ins nor honest nor true.

But the ould blood, the bould blood !  
 The blood that flowed in kings,  
     It never can stay  
     From the battle away,  
 Till the loud shout of Victory ! rings.

FRANK and ART. *Enter, equipped for journey, with bundles, &c.,*  
 S. E. L.

*Frank.* Arrah whisht, Art ! sure ye'll fright the dacent people wid that wild row !

*Art.* Is it be singing "The Ould Blood?" an' we wid it coorsin' in our veins. Faix I'm ashamed a ye, Frank. One 'ad think ye weren't an O'Brien o' Limerick—one of the rale ould stock at all—but whisht ! Sure Mag's own darlin' self—she to whom me troth's plighted—must be on'y jest gone. Here's these clothes ringin' wet—

*Frank.* Sorry I am, Art. ye iver bound her in that troth. Ould Murray'll never have ye. Ye're too poor.

*Art.* Who'd ax him—the ould skinflint ? An' av I am poor, havn't I the blood ? An' amn't I young and hearty ; wid a good trade of carpentering to me back ; and ann't you and me going over to set up pardeners i. Tim Flanagan's business at Ballynawhack ayont ; an' aren't we going to make a riglar fortune of it ? Oh to the devil—saving he was me father-in-law——

*Frank.* The devil yere father-in-law ! Well that's a queer connection anyhow.

*Art.* Ah ga long wid ye, Frank, wid yere nonsense ! To the devil wid ould Murray, I say, an' his money-bags too, av he'd come between me and me h. art's darlin' Maggie, that I kem here this day to see——

*Frank.* Oh ! that's it, is it ? Well, then, I'll lave yese. It's the long tramp I have round be Ryan's, an' ye'll take the short cut and meet me at the crass ?

*Art.* Bedad it's the crass ye are yerself, Frank, ha ! ha ! that'd be going, and ye're own colleen, Kauth, coming down to see you——

*Toal (aside.)* Faix it's a purty plot they're having wid their "ould" pauper blood !

*Frank.* No Art., I'll niver bind no gerul to me till I see the way clare to support her, an' bether av you done the same.

*Art.* Arrah good mornin' to yere riv'rence—is it the preacher yere going to come over me ? But I know ye, Frank, av ye're slow and steady, ye're mighty sly too ! (*Frank turns away as if hurt.*) Oh, niver take un so, Frank, da'lin', sure ye know it's on'y me nonsense ! Sure the devil a brother in the barony is fonder av ye than I am ?

*Frank.* Well, well, Art., have yere joke—ye're always high-sperited—but, honey, jest a whusper—it's that same fine sperrit that'll lade ye into danger, when a cold boy, like meself, is safe. An', Art., sure ye'll be cautious in the new town ? (*Going R.*)

*Art.* Ay, thrust me for that, Frank, I'll be as steady as yereself, wid me own darlin' Maggie before me eyes to guide me. Well good,

bye, Frank ; I'll not be many minnits after ye. (*Exit FRANK, R.*)

*Art. (Sings a stave of "The Ould Blood;" and then whistles a plover call.)*

*Toal (aside.)* Oh that's the call, is it ? Plovers is always fules, an' easily gulled !

(*MAGGIE and KAUTH come down, M. E. R.*)

*Art.* Me darlin' Maggie ! But what ?—Why, what's the mather ? (*Maggie rests her head on his shoulders in grief.*)

*Kauth.* Mather enough, Art. ; but wasn't Frank along wid ye ? (*Looks R.*)

*Art.* Sure he was ; but faix it's the neglectful batchelor he is, to have a purty gerul like ye. (*Kauth pouts and looks R. again.*) An' what's the matter wid me own, own Mag ?

*Kauth.* Bachelor ! Dy'e think I care for him, indeed ? (*Hums a tune and spreads clothes.*)

*Maggie. (raising her head.)* Oh, Art., Art. ! sure we're undone entirely ! (*Whispers aside.*)

*Toal. (Aside.)* What's that ?

*Kauth. (To herself.)* Meybee Frank's proud ? But there's as good as him, an' bether, goin' a beggin'. Sure there's Powderwig, up at the big house, smotherin' himself wid love of me, an' meybee I mightn't like him, and meybee I might, Masther Frank, wid your airs.

*Art.* Oh, the unholy villyan ! God pardon me, for spaking it of yer father, Mag ; but jest to think he'd sell you—ay, *sell* ye, the ould skinflint, to that hunchy-backed little imp o' hell, Toal O'Dowl !

*Toal. (Aside.)* Begorra it's aisy to see I'm listening, av bad words proves it !—"hunchy-backed little imp o' hell !" Well, that's wan more I owe "the ould blood !"

*Maggie.* The little *leprechaun* ! Not that I'd spake a bad word o' him—

*Toal. (Aside.)* *Leprechaun's* bad enough for me !

*Maggie.* No, Art., bad as he is, sure he might be worse—

*Art. (Interrupting.)* Not aisy, any way !

*Maggie.* Oh, he *might* be worse Art. ; but sure I'd sooner marry—I'd sooner marry avin that ould villian of a father av his than himself !

*Art.* Bedad it's the choice ye'd be havin' be'uxt the two !

*Maggie.* But to think me own father'd sell me for money ! £100 he owes Cooney—

*Art.* Well, and arn't ye worth it, darlin' ?

*Maggie.* Ah, Art. ! sure ye won't joke darlin' over it. It's meself that's the unhappy craytur this day !

*Kauth.* Is it going to stop all night yez two is ? This love's the quare ould humbug !

*Art.* A minnit, Kauth !—Sure, Maggie, lift yer head, me own darlin', never think of the ould—ahem !—man, but jest lift yer pretty face, and never mind him. Ye're mine in the sight of Heaven ! Mine for ever an' ever. I'll make ye a home, I'll build a nest for my birdie (*Going c. while she weeps.*)

*Toal. (Aside.)* Ay ! It'll be the bright home—the quare ould nest that'll be safe from me, *leprechaun* and divil though I am !



*Kauth.* Heigho ! but this coortin's mighty onpleasant when there's on'y three to play at it. Maggie, is it coming home ye are—I'm done ?

*Maggie.* (*Coming again to front with Art.*) Sure I'm coming Kauth. Art., I swear it—true to you once, true for ever ! Ye have my troth, ye have me heart——

*Art.* And your hand ?

*Maggie.* Shall never be another's ! (*Tears herself away, M. E. R. followed by Kauth. Art. gazes after her ; lifts his hand as taking an oath ; cheers up ; shoulders his bundle, and exit R., singing " The Ould Blood."*)

*Toal.* (*Coming forward frowning.*) Shan't it, indade ! Now, av I was axed it, I'd say it jest would. "Ould blood's" like ould milk—it's apt to get cruddled, and to thicken the brain. I've no ould blood, no, nor yet bould blood, for me bittherest inimy (and it's many of those I have, av all tales be true) never could spake me bad for gittin' into fights and sich like ; but I have an ould *brain*, and a bould *brain*, and av that don't bate Mr. Art. O'Brien yet, my names's not Toal O'Dowl !

(*Exit L.*)

## ACT I.

SCENE III.—(*A street in Ballynawhack. Public house, practicable door, M. E. R., with name of "Barney Scadhan" on sign; MURTY NOLAN discovered coming out of it, and wiping his mouth with sleeve.*)

*Murty.* Illigant fine stuff as iver a poor ould divil put his two lips to ; an' maybe I wouldn't like anothe neyther ! "Wouldn't thrust a dirty ould bag of rags like ye !" says Barney Scadhan ; "not wid wan naggin ?" says I, "not thrust Mr Toal O'Dowl's own body-man wid a dirty little naggin ?" "No," says he, as cocky as possible, "no, nor *Misther* Toal O'Dowl himself av he hadn't the brass"—there's where it is, now, brass—av wan hasn't brass, wan mav starve, for divil a dhrup ov whisky he'll get to ate or dhrink ! Heigho ! av I was quality now, an' had the brass, faix I might be drunk an' happy ivery hour of the day ! There's where it is—no brass no whisky, and have to do all Toal's dirty work—an' it's meself never knew him to have any work that wasnt dirty—though he *is* supposed to be here on'y watchin' the markets—jest for the price of a naggin or two of whiskey a day—begorra av I do what I do now for the mather av a couple of naggins, I'd have to do a murder for a quart ! Well, I'll have—for want of baccy—a dhyr smoke, and jest be like a polisman—waitin' for orders, and doin' nothin' but look handsome for the girls ! (*Leans against corner of house.*) And, be jabers, here's jest the fine girls—the Murrays—wid that Powdher'dpig from Mr. Norman's

(*Enter, S. E. R., MAGGIE and KAUTH MURRAY, escorted by JEAMES POWDERWIG, carrying a big market basket, who pays great court to latter,*)

*Kauth.* Well, Mr Powderherwig, ye'll be tired carryin' me basket, and wid ye're long drive——

*Powder.* Tired, Miss Ka—Ko—Kau——

*Kauth.* Now, none o' yer impidence !

*Powder.* Miss Murray, hi could nevaw be ti ed in company with an anr——

*Kauth.* Ah, go along wid yer balderdash ! Shure anything 'd tire a a poor Englishman, spite of their—(*looking at his shorts and silk stockings*).

*Powder.* Ahem ! caulves (*looking on them complacently*).

*Kauth.* Calves' heads is silly things, an' maybe their shins is no better. But, Maggie darlin', we must be—(*whispers*).

*Powder.* (*To MURTY.*) My good fallaw ! is this an 'otel ?

*Murty.* A what ? Oh, I see. Yez can get a dhram there ; but, whisper, where's the girls goin' ?

*Powder.* The ladies are a-going shopping.

*Murty.* Nowhere else ?

*Powder.* No, my good fellow.

*Murty.* I know better. Give me the price of a naggin an' I'll tell ye a saycret—gorra it's worth it. (*POWDERWIG, with bye-p'ay, gives him money, and they whisper*).

*Maggie.* We will do our little business now, Mr. Powderwig, an' thin we'll meet you here——

*Kauth.* We've some friends—cousins, mebee—to see first.

*Murty.* There, I tould ye ! It's afther the O'Briens they is (*to Powderwig*).

*Powder.* (*Jealous.*) Ladies, may I attend you ?

*Kauth.* Not a fut—good bye—we're busy (*going L.*) Going to Dempsey's.

*Murty.* Well, that's a new name for Frank O'Brien—Dempsey !

*Maggie.* Let's hurry, Kauth, or we'll miss them !

*Murty.* (*To Powder.*) 'Gorra ye'll be cut out ; take them that away, ye gommick, an' they'll miss the road.

*Powder.* Ladies, ladies ! you're going wrong—this is the street to Dempsey's shop (*persuades them, with comic business, to go with him, L. C.*)

*Murty.* An' that's the English futman, is it ? Sweet on Kauth Murray too ! The unwholesome baste (*mimics him*) wid his caulves and the male in his head Bedad, here's "Sobersides," as Toal an' his divils name him—Frank O'Brien, going home to dinner ; see av I don't twist the price of a naggin out of him, sober as he is. Yer sarvant, Mистер Frank ! an' I hope all's well wid ye ?

*Frank.* (*Enters, L., with head down.*) Well ? Oh, yes, well ; thanks, Murty, all's well, but have you seen me brother anywhere, he's not home at all last night.

*Murty.* (*Deeply.*) Faix then, Mистер Frank, I did see him—an' sorry I am.

*Frank.* So.ry ! Why ? Where ?—I guessed this fellow would know of him—what d'ye mean, Murty ?

*Murty.* Ah, what doe it matter what a poor ragged divil like me—starvin' for a dr—for a crust about the streets of this god-forgotten place—manes ; sorra a dr—a bit——

*Frank. (Giving money.)* Well, well, there ; where did you see him

*Murty.* Well ye know what happened him last night ?

*Frank. (Bluntly)* No, I don't

*Murty.* Well, whisper, he got along wid some o' thim rantin' roarin' young divils the town stinks wid, and faix they tuk to singing "The Ould Blood," let alone dhrinkin' whiskey-poonch galore, until the whole of 'em got mighty quare—

*Frank.* Quare ! dhrunk ye mane ?

*Murty.* Well dhrunk's hard spaking, Masther Frank—but most of 'em cudn't stan', and none of em but Toal O'Dowl—an' it was he was kind to Masther Art. and tuk him to his own lodgin' wid him—cud walk alone—

*Frank.* Disgusting !

*Murty.* Oh, no ways at all ! Sure Masther Art. was excited wid singin' "The Ould Blood," an' why wouldn't he ? wid it biling in his own veins ? Oh, but Toal was kind to him, an'—

*Frank.* Where is he now ? (*impatiently.*) Here's another shillin', an' y'll stop talking an' tell me !

*Murty.* Stop talkin' and tell ! That 'd be a quare road.

*Frank.* Well tell me your own way, at wanst.

*Murty.* Well, Toal, who's as kind a little man as iver breathed, tuk him home, bein' shamed like for you to see him thataway, an' tried to git him to pick a bone this mornin', and to pull himself togeder an' get down to Tim Flanagan's to work ; but sure the dhrink was dyin'—

*Frank.* The drink dyin'—(*solemnly*) would to God it were dead !

*Murty.* Dyin' away-like in him, ye undherstan', an' so up he gets an'—

*Toal's voice S. E. R.* Murty ! Murty Nolan ! Come here at wanst, I want ye !

(*Exit, Murty. S. E. R.*)

*Frank. (Failing to stop Murty, comes forward.)* Drunk ! an' not able to come home, or to rise for work in the mornin' ! Oh, my God, is it that this greatest curse thy earth knows is comin' on my misfortunate brother ? Is it that he, so honest, so noble, so generous, so kind, so true, ay, and so good—wan't at least—is he fallin' into that awful black pit of divils dug out by drink ? God is good an' surely He will never let that noble boy turn into a baste—a hideous, foul monster, soaked in sin, bekase soaked in drink ? (*Considering.*) No ! God would niver let his own fall away to it ! But, suppose Art. leaves, of his own self, his God, an' in his pride an' vanity of blood, an' wakeness for the soft-sawtherin' of blackguards that he knows and dispises, and yet can't help bein' flattered by—how would it be then ? There's awful words ! "God will not be mocked !" An' if he is mocked, who shall stay his han' ? An' Art.—there's no manner of doubt of it—has been droppin' his good ways—no prayers av a mornin', no mass, no nothin', to keep him good and true—an' these scoundrels that fawn on him, an' crack him up about his "ould blood," and play on his vanity an' his foolishness. Oh ! Art., Art. ! there is a steep, steep hill to go down, an' me heart misgives me ye have begun to slip on it. (*Greatly affected, and then turns to go L., where he is met by Maggie, Kauth, and Powderwig, and starts back confused.*)

*Maggie.* Frank O'Brien !



*Kauth.* (*Curtseying sarcastically.*) All roun' the town to look for M O'Brien, and find him where we started from ! (*They shake hands.*)

*Frank.* (*Composed.*) Looking for me ?

*Maggie.* Yes, we came to shop, Frank, an' thought we'd just call in neighbourly you know—

*Kauth.* Very neighbourly, Maggie. We didn't want to see Art. at all, did we ?

*Maggie.* No, nor Frank, I suppose !

*Powder.* Miss Kau—, I mean Murray—only came to shop, I believe—

*Kauth.* No, we didn't, eyther ; and who led us on a wild goose chase ?

*Frank.* (*Taking Maggie aside, while Kauth pouts and flirts with Powderwig.*) Have you seen Art. ?

*Maggie.* (*Surprised.*) No ! Where is he ? Is he not well ? Oh Frank, don't say anything has happened him ! Don't leave me in suspense, Frank, an'—

*Frank.* Maggie—he is not worthy of you—as you hope for happiness in this world, give him (*affected*) up for ever !

*Maggie.* (*Starting back.*) Never ! Frank, what's this ye're asking me ? Are ye mad ? Give up me own heart's darlin' ! Ah, Frank, ye're playin' on me. (*Frank shakes his head sadly.*) But what is it ? Where's me own Art. ? Sure there's somethin' here that's wrong ! Oh, for Heaven's sake, Frank, tell me nothin's happened ! Tell me, Frank, at wanst, an' don't dhrove me wild wid yer mystery and suspense. Tell me !

*Frank.* (*Sorrowfully.*) Maggie, me poor colleen, my brother Art.—

*Murty.* (*Interrupting as he comes out of Scadhan's unperceived.*) Is it Masther Art. ye're wanting ? Sure here he is. (*With discordant laughing and joking from two or three voices inside, Scadhan's door flung open, and ART. shoved out, half-drunk, laughing, and excited. He is astounded when he sees Maggie, Frank, and others.*)

*Tableau.*

## ACT I.

SCENE IV.—(*Three months after last.* TIM FLANAGAN'S carpenter shop in Ballynawhack. Three or four young men with ART O'BRIEN, all working except TOAL O'DOWL, who is standing by ART., and watching his work.)

*Art.* Arrah ga 'long wid ye, ye little omadhaun, what'd I know about yer coat !

*Toal.* Thin it's yerself jest would know—sure there's never a boy in the town but has a bether taste ; an' why not ? Isn't it the rale ould gintale blood that's coorsin' in yer veins ? Oh, bedad, ye may laugh, but it's truth I'm spakin'.

*Art.* An' if I have the ould dhrop, what's that to do wid the patther of a coat ?

*Pat.* Faix I think it's ivery thing to do wid it —

*Shauneen.* Sure isn't it the gentry has the taste —

*Tim.* Ay, and wasn't the ould O'Briens of Limerick always the hight of quality ; Begorra. it's Art. that is the gentleman, an' *has* the taste. Divil a lie in it now !

*Art. (Sighing.)* Well, faix there may be somethin' in the ould blood too, but it's meself wishes some of the ould land stayed along wid the blood.

*Toal. (Half sneering.)* Sure an' that'll come back after ye get the bit of a shop and business av yer own—you and Frank.

*Larry.* Of coorse it will. Bedad I wish there's the same prospect before me, let alone the certainty. But how can the likes of huz compate wid the O'Briens ? An' jest see how he's gettin' on sense he went on the taytotal—savin' ivery pinny, and not spinding an ould rap —

*Tim. (Half aside.)* Whisht ! Shure ye wouldn't praise him for the maneness and closeness, disgracin' the ould family ?

*Art. (Overhearing and half aside.)* That's the divil of it ; shure ivery man o' them thinks it's skinflintin' I am be not takin' me dhrop. *(Aloud.)* Shure the taytotal's on'y me own—sorra a pledged man am I ; on'y me own will.

*Toal.* Arrah, Art., who'd accuse ye of demaning yerself wid pledgin' ? —it's on'y dried-up blagards does that.

*All (laughing.)* Dried-up blagards ! Listen to little Toal now ! Isn't he the 'cute little villyan of the wurruld wid his jokes and sayin's ?

*Art. (Laughing.)* Dried-up bagards th t's not able for no more, and thin goes and pledges theirselves ! Oh, bedad, Toal, I'm wid ye there—it's on'y the hardened ould dhunkards that must plidge themselves.

*Toal.* Thru for ye. Well, will you come up the evenin', an' pass yer opinion on the patthern ? It's yerself can give it well.

*Art.* Oh, ef ye insist, I'll come ; on'y lave me alone to finish this job. *(Works.)*

*Toal.* Faix I wont interfiere. Good bye. Ye'll be up 'twuxt seven and eight ? *(Exit, winking to others.)*

*(Scene shifts to TOAL'S lodgings ; practicable window ; TOAL and MURTY discovered ; the former spreading a small table with bread, &c., (candles on it,) and a large teapot ; latter sitting on a low stool sucking at a pipe cynically.)*

*Murty.* An' what's the big taypot for ?

*Toal. (Bustling about.)* Tay !

*Murty.* Ay, an' what's the tay for ?

*Toal.* Drinkin'.

*Murty.* Ay ; an' what's the whisky to do ?

*Toal.* What whisky ?

*Murty.* Scadhan's whisky.

*Toal.* Sure there's none. What ar' ye talkin' of ? an't me and Mr. O'Brien goin' to have our tay—jest like quality, eh ? *(Sneers.)*

*Murty.* Oh, that's it ? Bedad, Art. O'Brien hasn't darkened the doors this three months—an', neyther has tay ! Is it taytotal yer goin' to be, Toal ? Bedad it's time for me to look out a new sarvice ! I wouldn't demane meself wid tay !

*Toal.* Who'd be axing ye ? Tay's for yer bethers ; whisky 'ill do for

an ould bathered naggin', like ye—but Art. an' me's gintale, ye know—reg'lar sobersides, like Frank!

*Murty.* Yer a deep divil, Toal O'Dowl, an' me mind misgives me but yer up to some o' yer thricks now—

*Toal.* Well, an' who else? Don't I pay ye to help me? Jest give over yer smokin'—makin' the place stink like a dhram-shop—an' take a scrap of a note over to Barney Scadhan's—an' ye may stay there till he sinds ye away. (*Writes.*) Now, off wid ye!

*Murty.* An' ll Barney give me a dhrink?

*ART's voice, at a distance, singing the "Ould Blood," and advancing.*

Bedad there's the "Ould Blood" comin'. What about that dhrink, Toal?

*Toal. (Hurriedly.)* Bad luck to yer dhrinking.

*Murty* Same to ye, Mr. Toal. (*Knock at door.*)

*Toal. (Takes note and scribbles.)* There! Dhrink till ye burst, and be—! It has no effect on yer saison'd ould hide, on'y come back when Barney bids ye, an' do jest what he tells ye—be off! be off, now! (*Hurries him out, s. e. r.*) An' now for this swaggerin' blade, wid his "ould blood." It's meself—me, Toal O'Dowl—will mix that same blood afore I'm done wid it, wid the flowin' filth of the town gutter! (*Goes L. and admits ART. O'BRIEN.*) Ah, Art., me boy, sure I half thought ye'd be giving me the go-by. But come in, come in, and heartily welcome, though it is a quarther sense ye were here afore.

*Art.* A quarther, Toal! Bedad, I believe it is—let me see—oh, shame on it, so it is—that time when poor Margie—saints guard her bed this night—saw me, and me diguised in dhrink—

*Toal.* Ay, Art., ye were bad that while; but what odds? Sure it's a good man's case—wanst in a way on'y, I mane—

*Art.* Ay, wanst in a way, av it doesn't grow on a man—

*Toal.* Tut man! grow—how'd it grow on a sinsible man? Besides, Art., sure all the quality that *is* quality, and has the rale ould dhrup in them, has a sup too much now and again—it's gintale!

*Art. (Laughing.)* Gintale! Bedad that's the quare talk—none o' that gintalry for me no more; I'm off it.

*Toal.* Besides, it don't be well for a strappin' young fellow, as ye are Art., to be gettin' mane wid yer money—

*Art.* Mane!

*Toal.* Faix the boys says it—I wouldn't be repatin' tales, but sure it's the talk o' the place—"there's Art. O'Brien," says they, "av the rale ould stock, shamin' his blood," says they, wid their gassip an' talk, "be pretendin' taytotal, whin it's on'y screwin' up his money he is," says they, "an'—"

*Art. (In a rage.)* Screwin' me money! An' what right have they to spake thataway? I'll be screwin' their necks yit!

*Toal.* Ay, what right indade! a pack o' ould croneens, that doesn't ought to spake of the ould blood at all, at all! But come—niver mind their nonsinse—(*shows a coat and patterns*) what dy'e say to that now for a cloth? Nate.

*Art.* Nate enough; but too shiny for my taste. So it's mane they call me?

*Toal. (Showing another.)* Ay, it's a bit bright, but that one's nater—niver mind, man, what they call ye, a hard name's bether than bein' a dhrunken blagard—hold it to the light av the candle now.

*Art.* Ay, that's bether a dale, but the pathern's too broad for ye, Toal—I'm not afraid o' turnin' a dhrunken blagard, sure there's a madium betwuxt that an' a pledged man—show us that other?

*Toal.* Which? That one? Av coorse a man could, ay, an' ought, to take his moderate glass, without takin' to dhrink, as it's called—how'd that wan suit me?—to be sociable and friendly like; an' av a man doesn't take it, he's ayther a poor, weak-headed fule, or he's mane and close wid his money—bedad I like that one.

*Art.* An' ye wouldn't have a man shtop it entirely?—there's none o' these much count but this wan (*picking it out from rest*).

*Toal.* Oh, but it's you have the taste, Art. ! Illigant that'll make up, now—shtop a glass now and thin? Not I; no, nor no wan of sperrit ayther. It's on'y fules and misers is afraid of a hearty glass. Whisper, Art, that pathern yon ye've chose for me, is the very wan Mr. Norman of the castle was choosin' for himself in the shop. See how the gintale blood runs in parallels now! A fellow like me now, nor Larry, nor any of huz commin' pable'd avin luk at it; but the ginty picks it out a' wanst!

*Art.* Oh, it's the on'y dacent one o' the lot, the others is no account at all. But, Toal, touchin' the dhrink, don't you, nor any one else, misconcave me, I'm no plidged man, nor a close man, nor yet a mane man, but—

*Toal.* Sure I know yer not, Frank, but what mathers what I know, when it's the talk o' the town that ye're afraid av yer head, that ye're close and mane, an' a disgrace to the ould O'Brien—. Ah, what divils' ruction's this? (*Knocking at door L. and snatches of singing. Toal opens window and calls out to go away.*)

*Art.* (*Comes forward.*) Mane, and a disgrace to the ould O'Briens, they call me, is it? It's little they know of me (*muses*). Faix, though, I don't know but what they're right now, afther all's said an' done; it is onsociable not to collogue wid one's mates, though they may be on'y common blood; an', bedad, there's no doubt it's *chape* to be on the taytotal—divil a rap I iver spend now, save in nicissaries—*mane!* faix it may seem so, who knows?—What is it Toal?

*Toal.* Like their impidence! Here's these rantin' divils from Flanagan's want to come in and dhrink a trate Pat Molloy lift them (*going to window*). Go dhrink in yer own lodgin', and don't interfere wid Mr. O'Brien and meself?

*Voices* (*outside*). Arrah open the door, Toal, or we'll burst it in. Sure we're locked out av our own place wid illness! A dhrop of whisky'll warm up yer little yallow carcase, Toal, ye divil, ye? Ay, an' all for nothin'—won't that plaze ye for a pair of skinflints?

*Art.* Skinflints; who's that spakin'?

*Toal.* Arrah niver mind their nonsinse, Art., they're half dhrunk, I think. Go long wid ye! Divil a fut ye come in here this night. Mr. O'Brien and me's having tay, or goin' to have tay!

*Voices* Tay, inagh! Sure it's the pledged man Toal's goin' to be, like Art. O'Brien (*laughter*)!

*Art.* Arrah, Toal, let them in; you'll have a sup wid them, but I won't.

*Toal.* Not a fut! Yer my guest, an' I wouldn't put timplation in yer way—

*Art.* Timplation ! (*A crash below as of a door, and enter L. the four workmen with bottles, half drunk.*)

*Toal.* Pretty goin's on—breakin' me door !

*Larry.* Ay, an' yer head for two two's !

*Art.* (*Laughing.*) Bedad it's the dhrop taken ye have, the whole o' ye, limbs as ye are !

*Larry.* Dhrop taken ! Why not ? Sure we're min, not ould croneens suppin' tay !

*Shauneen.* Holy Moses ! Look at Toal's taypot !

*Tim.* Ah, to hell wid the ould humbug ! (*Knocks the teapot off with his stick. All laugh.*)

*Art.* Faix, Toal, they'll ruin ye in crockery.

*Pat.* An' aren't we able to pay for it ? We're not mane save-all's, like some.

*Art.* (*Firing up.*) What d'ye mane ?

*Pat.* What I say——

*Toal.* Ah, whisht, boys, whisht, sure ye can dhrink yer whiskey in peace and quietness, an' lave *Art.*, who doesn't touch it, alone. I'll have a dhrop wid ye, will that satisfy ye ?

*Shauneen.* Isn't the little fellow a man, now ?

*Larry.* Ay, that he is ; he's no ould croneen nor skinflint (*looking drunkenly at Art.*)

*Toal.* We will. Dhraw boxes and chairs round and fill up. Sure

*Art.* won't mind (*sneers*), an' there's plenty av milk. (*Seat themselves and fill, while Art. looks foolish and undecided.*) Now, I'll give ye a toast——

*All.* Fill up ! A toast from Toal !

*Toal.* Ay, and more than fill ! Here's : " God Save Ould Ireland ! " (*Cheers and drink.*)

*Pat.* (*Half aside.*) Holy Moses, to dhrink it in milk !

*Shauneen.* (*Half aside.*) Arrah lave the poor craytur alone ; it's no head he's got.

*Larry.* Tune up a song, Toal.

*Toal.* Is it me ? Is it frog-croakin' ye want ? *Art.* 'ill sing us " The Ould Blood ! "

*Tim.* (*Half aside.*) Faix he may sing it, but there's little signs he shows av it—settin' like an ould quaker screwin' money !

*Art.* (*Aside.*) It's the nice opinion they have av me, an' it's bither to stan', all for nothing too. What harrum in jest on a glass ? But no, I gev me promise to Frank and to me own darlin' Maggie.

*Shanneen.* Tim, sing yerself. It's you can.

*All.* Ay, a song, Tim ! a song !

(*Tim Sings*)

*Toal.* More power to yer elbow, Tim ! An' now a toast ye'll all drink—for ye respect and love him, an' he's lavin' ye soon—" Frank O'Brien, *Art.*'s brother ! "

*All.* Frank O'Brien ! God send him luck !

*Art.* (*Aside.*) To think I'd sit by and not drink me brother's health but in milk !

*Toal.* Well, *Art.*, me boy, none can say afther that but ye're as good as a pledged man. (*Half aside.*) Misfortunate, wake-head crayturs.



*Art. (Indignantly.)* I'm not a pledged man, an' I can dhrink it av I like. I don't choose to.

*Larry. (Half aside.)* Don't choose to! It's afraid he is!

*Toal. (Half aside.)* Ah lave the poor boy alone! Sure it's dhrunk he'd be av he tuk a glass.

*Shauneen* Bedad the whisky's rinnin' low—there's on'y wan round more. (*Toal crosses to see, and nearly knocks the candle over, puts it meaningly on the window sill—*)

*Toal.* Right ye are, *Shauneen*. Well, there's on'y a glass apiece, an' one over 'ill do for ould Murty whan he comes in, the craytur. One more toast an' thin I'll turn ye out; fill up for "The Flower of Kilmona!"

*Art. (Starts up.)* Stay, *Toal*! Yese'll niver have it to say I let that toast go bye! (*Aside*) my darlin' *Maggie*! sure it's yerself id make me dhrink that health! Give me the bottle! (*Aside.*) It's the last glass, and can do no harrum! (*Aloud*) An' I'll drain me glass wid ye, to me own darlin' sweetheart—"The Flower of Kilmona!"

(*All rise and drink the toast with cheers, ART leading them; TOAL aside displays his triumph and joy.*)

*Toal.* Who's that knockin' there?

*Murty. (Outside.)* Sure it's me, wid a line from *Barney Scadhan*, an the ordher for yer father's house

*Toal. (Admitting Murty R., who carries a basket with bottles.)* Arrah bad cess to *Barney*, sendin' father's whisky here this time o' night—

*Larry.* Good luck to him, I say! Open a bottle at wanst, *Toal*, an' we'll dhrink yer dacent father's health.

*All.* Ay, open, *Toal*! there's more where that kem from! We'll make the ordher up to-morrow.

*Toal.* Faix ye're welcome! (*Opens bottle, and all fill again*)

*Larry.* Mr. O'Dowl's health and long life! (*They all drink.*)

*Toal. (Offended.)* Art., ye won't refuse? me father?

*Art.* Never! Give me the bottle again! (*He fills half a tumbler, and drinks*)

*Art.* An' now, "our host's health and prosperity!" (*Drunk by all, ART. getting excited, fills his glass repeatedly and full.*)

*Toal. (Aside to Shauneen.)* Bedad he'll soon catch us up! Now, boys, a roarin', rattling song! "The Ould Blood!" (*They all fill; ART. sings; gets more and more drunk; table falls with crash; all drunk.*)

*Tableau.*

## ACT I.

SCENE V.—(*Murray's Kitchen-garden, as in Scene 2; MAGGIE and FRANK discovered R and L.*)

*Maggie.* Frank, it 'id break me heart to think what ye tell me of Art. 'd be true; ye're mistaken, ye're wrong, Frank; Art.'s too good, too noble—ay, too full of the fine ould blood, Frank, same as ye are

yer own self, to ivir turn into what you say—I dare uot spake the horrid word—to demane himself and disgrace his family be ivir takin' to the dhrink. No, Frank, me heart that loves iviry bieath he draws, 'till nivir let me think it of him—nivir !

*Frank.* Well, Maggie, I don't blame ye ; sore and sorry as me own heart is over it, I'd nivir say one word of Art. but to yer own self. I know yer trothed to him ; I know ye love him—ay, ivir sence we wor all childre playin' togeder in the fields ayont (*points*), an' I know he loves you thruly ; but I cannot in conscience let yez go on in darkness of what iviry wan else knows. Art. has the taste of dhrink on him, an' ye must know it, whether ye like it or no, Magaie.

*Maggie.* I don't know it, Frank, an' av ye say it more, I'll mistrust ye for makin' mischief—

*Frank.* Maggie Murray, did ye ivir know me bear tales before ?

*Maggie.* I did not, Frank ; and sorry I am ye've taken to it now. What's the poor boy done that ye'd be running him down ? Say he *did* take a glass too much at Toal's, and *did* raise a ruction in the town itself, sure he's not the first respectable lad that did it ; he's not the only young man—ay, or woman ayther—that made a fault—sure we're not all patherms like yerself—

*Frank.* Maggie, don't put the bither curl on yer lip, or word in yer mouth ; what I said, I said for your sake an' for his sake, bekase I wish ye both well—bekase I love my brother, and I love you for his sake—

*Maggie.* It's the quare way ye have of showin' it, then, passin' idle stories av him, poor fellow ; an'—

*Frank.* I pass no idle stories, Maggie, an' well ye know it ; it's not getting drunk wanst, nor twist, nor raisin' the ruction agin the polis I mind a traneeen ; but it's that when once Art. tastes—mind ye, *tastes*—he's done for ! He can't stop ! He's like a wild coult broke loose ! He's Art. O'Brien no longer, but a madman, who'd fling iviry thing in heaven or on earth to the wild winds, sooner than put the glass from him !

*Maggie.* (*Very solemnly.*) Frank O'Brien, them's awful words ; God forgive ye for spakin' them !

*Frank.* God will forgive me, for it tears me heart to spake them, and I only do so bekase it's me duty.

*Maggie.* But sure Art. has a rein over himself—didn't he kape from a dhrop at all at a'll for three months ?

*Frank.* He did, for *your* sake, Maggie ; he—

*Maggie.* Well, and wont he again ?

*Frank.* Me heart misdoubts me av he will. There's a power of blagards got roun' him, led on by that imp o' hell, Toal O'Dowl. I fear—

*Maggie.* (*Laughing.*) Is it little Toal ye're afraid av ?

*Frank.* Laugh as ye may, Maggie, I am ; he gets hould a poor Art. be the ear, sawdherin' him about the ould blood, and the ould stock, until they make a complete fule of him ; and thin, worst o' all, av Art. gets drunk, as he did last week, sure he *kapes* drunk for days an' days—faix on'y I spoke to him av you he wouldn't be sober now !

*Maggie.* (*Who has been very pensive.*) D'ye mane that from yer heart o' hearts—all that ye've been sayin' ?—do ye mane from yer heart's core, Frank ?

*Frank. (Reverently.)* Before heaven, I do.

*Maggie.* An' ye think that I, as a sinsible gerul, should break me troth wid him, and give him back his promise.

*Frank.* I do, Maggie ; unless he kep' taytotal for two, or mebees three, years, and dhrove the taste for the darink clane away, ye'd not be safe to marry him. Sorry and heavy I am to spake it—but, Maggie, dear, for yer own sweet sake, that ivir was, and ivir 'ill be, my sisther ; and for his dear sake, too ; for the fright av losin' ye may bether him, break off the troth ye're bound wid !

*Maggie. (Determinedly.)* I will, Frank O'Brien, this day—at laste before the week's out, that troth 'ill be a bygone for ivir !

*(Exit hurriedly M. E. R.)*

*Frank. (Sighing deeply.)* An' now it's done ; it's I that'm sorry for it ! Poor Art., me brother, what is it has druv me to do this ?—me duty. I could not see yer own self and that noble gerul rooned for ivir. I know the madness that's on ye, Art. I know ye can't resist that cursed drink ! An' I know av Maggie does what she says, an' she will, it may be the fright an' the shame av losin' her, 'ill change yer heart to the good altogether—Heaven send it may ! *(Going L ; meets POWDERWIG, who affects contempt.)* Good morning, Mr. Powderwig ; I hope I see ye well ?

*Powder.* Haw ! indifferent, indisposed——

*Frank.* What's the matter wid ye ? Is it the colic that's on ye, ye look so bither ?

*Powder.* Haw, really ! colic ? No—merely a sort of—sort of—jenny-squaw feeling ! *(Aside.)* Common fellow ! Poaching on my preserve !

*Frank.* Jenny Squaw ! An' who's she ? I thought it was Kauth Murray ye're after ?

*Powder.* Ka—Ka—Kauth ? Is Miss Murray about, fellow ?

*Frank.* Fellow ! Look here, ye spalpeen, call me fellow again an I'll bate the powdher out of yer skin, an' lave nothin' but the wig ! *(Enter KAUTH, and finds them collaring one another.)*

*Kauth.* Frank O'Brien ! Mr. Powderwig ! Stop, stop, at wanst ! What are yez fightin' about ?

*Frank (Aside.)* Jest about yer own pretty self ! *(Aloud.)* Sure he called me fellow !

*Powder.* This person applied the term spa—spal—spalpeen to me, and——

*Kauth.* Ha ! ha ! ha ! It's the pretty pair of visitors ye are—makin' a batile groun' of father's garden ! An' what's it ye both want ? Be quick—sure I must rin back wid these clothes.

*Frank.* { *(Together, and* } I want tospake to yer dacent father—

*Powder.* { *eagerly.)* } I called to enquiau after Mr. Murray—

*Kauth. (Humorously smiling and curtseying.)* Oh, how polite yez both are this morning—father'll be flattered wid the two of ye ! I don't know av he's in, but sure I'll rin an' see, av yer anxious ?

*Frank.* { *(Together.)* } I'll step up wid yerself !

*Powder.* { *(Together.)* } Allow me to accompany you ?

*(All three exit M. E. R. ; and, after a pause enter ART. O'BRIEN, S. E. L., looking unwell and anxious.)*

*Art.* Ay, there they go ! Faix Kauth keeps the two of them well in tow ! Poor Frank, in spite of all the preachin' he gives me—and,



bedad, it's I wants it, too—I love him dearly—ay, an' I wisht I was more like him—steady, loved, honoured; and though he is a thrifle cold, faix he's a thrue O'Brien—thru to the backbone. Heaven send ye safe, Frank, in yer coortin—it's a happy woman yer wife 'ill be, who'vir she is. An' now I'll whustle for me own darlin' (*pauses*); and yet I dread havin' to tell her; sure I hope Frank spoke to her, as he a'most threatened he'd do, about the last affair—bah! it makes me sick to think of what a fool I do be (*whistles*), an' all wid a pack o' blagards I dispise, and that isn't fit company for any dacent man, let alone me that has the rale ould blood flowin'. (*Dismally.*) “The ould blood, the bould blood,” &c., &c.

*Maggie.* (*Running in M. E. R.*) Me own Art!

*Art.* Me darlin' Maggie! The light o' me life! The core o' me heart! (*Embrace*.)

*Maggie.* Oh, Art., darlin', I longed to see ye these months' past! So near to me, and yet so far away, me darlin'! Ah, Art., av ye on'y knew how yo've been in me thoughts—day and night—night and day. Sure it's more than three months, Art., sence we met?

*Art.* Three weary months', darlin'; sure I wouldn't be let away from Flanagan's, and yer own sweet self niver came near Ballynawhack but the wanst. (*J. MURRAY enters M. E. R. and hides.*)

*Maggie.* (*Laughing.*) Faix we didn't—an' for a good raison—me father 'uldn't let me!

*Art.* W'uldn't let ye? What for?

*Maggie.* (*Laughing.*) How'd I be knowing what for? Mebee he thought some of the boys'd be afther me (*looking round hysterically*)—Toal O'Dowl, say!

*Art.* (*Laughing.*) Poor little Toal! Bedad the little hunchy's not so bad neyther, Maggie; on'y he thinks he's goin' to have ye to wife, not me, ha! ha!

*Maggie.* The little baste! (*Shuddering.*) Art., it makes my blood rin cold to think av him on'y—to see him, or hear him talk, or touch his han', stops me heart with the forecast of an evil doom—ivir sence me father promised me—

*Art.* Bad luck to the ould money-grub for that same promise!

*Jimmy.* There's talk—purty talk for a boy settin' up to marry me daughter!

*Maggie.* Ivir sence that time Toal's been no friend o' yours, Art.—

*Art.* No, no, there ye're wrong, Maggie; little hunchy's not so bad; Oh! no, no, he's not all bad—I'll say that much.

*Maggie.* (*Suddenly.*) What! Has he ivir done ye good—make ye drunk? an' thin take ye home.

*Art.* Oh, be the mortal! All the fat's in the fire, now! Maggie, alanna who tould ye that? Sure Frank's been on me?

*Maggie.* (*Tenderly.*) Yes, Art., Frank's on'y jest gone, an' he tould me all, Art.—he tould me all—an' scalded is me heart be that same telling.

*Art.* Maggie!—me darlin' Maggie!—don't take on so, acushla! Av Frank told ye all, sure all the murther's out. (*Sighs.*) Ah, Maggie, I kem to tell ye meself, an' I'm a'most sorry poor Frank was afore me. (*Humbly.*) An' Maggie, darlin' o' me life! I kem to go down, down on

me bended knees, an' beg av ye to pardon me—to forgive me. (*Kneels.*)

Maggie. (*Greatly affected.*) Forgive ye, Art.? Ah, what have I to forgive ye? Rise ye up, Art., an' be me own brave boy again; rise, Art., sure I've nothin' to forgive!

Art. (*In a despairing tone.*) Maggie, there's no use talkin', I've shamed ye; for the troth betuxt us is known; I've shamed meself; I'm on'y a weak, faible man, wid no strength, no power, when blagards I dispise puts the comether on me. Magg-ie, darlin'—sure it's best for me to tell ye out?—I mistrust meself! I may talk of ould blood an' all that, and seem to have it bould for good, like honest Frank, yon; but Maggie, darlin', in me heart o' hearts, I know it's actin' the lie I am, and that I dursn't lave meself alone, like any other man for a moment wid dhrink—bekase I can't resist it! I mistrust meself, Maggie, an—

Maggie. (*Weeping.*) Oh, whisht, whisht, Art.! what words is them ye're talkin'? Sure ye're wake and low, and unwell, or ye wouldn't spake them awful things—

Art. Awful; ye may well say, awful an' thrue—too thrue! I mistrust meself, Maggie. I dursn't bind yere lot to mine tell I can battle an' conquer; an' I'm here, Maggie, to give ye back yere troth!—to free ye from me!—to strike away the chain bindin' ye to a sinful wretch! an' to lave ye free as the air to choose wan worthy of ye, and worthy of an angel!

Maggie. (*Drawing herself up.*) An' dy'e think I'd take it back? It's little ye know the strength, an' dipth, and power of a woman's love, Art., av ye think that. I tould Frank I'd make our troth a byegone for ivir—so I will, now, at this m ment, an' I do it be axin' ye Art. O'Brien (for this is no time for children's shame-faced play)—be axin' ye, av ye'd marry me out o' hand?

Art. (*Starting wildly.*) Marry ye, Maggie? Dy'e mane it? Are ye in airnest? Ah, ye're not mockin' me?

Maggie. Art., there's no mockin' here! I've made me mind up. There's a deep danger before ye, an' on'y a devoted, lovin' wife, always be yer side, 'ill save ye. I'll be that wife at wanst! Yours from a baby, yours a child, yours a wild shlip of a gerul about the place, your's now, a grown woman, an' yours for ivir! (*Embrace.*)

Art. Oh, Magg-e, Maggie, me heart's darlin'; you, indeed, can save me; you can make of me a good and true ould O'Brien! (*Ponders.*) But your father!

Maggie. My father has sold me for money, as he thinks; I choose, Art., to give meself for love. He may, and will object. I care not; me duty is here, wid the husban' o' me heart—

Art. Maggie—me heart stops wid joy—at wanst?

Maggie. At wanst, an' thin no wan can whisper us shame.

Art. (*Kneeling.*) Maggie, ye have saved me life—perhaps me soul! At wanst I'll step over to Father Pether's, an—

JIMMY MURRAY (*coming forward, breaking with passion; MAGGIE and ART. start back, but in a few moments stand calm and determined.*)

Stop! Am I to belave all this is airnest, or is it fules' games?

Both. Airnest, { Father, } and thrue!  
                  { Mr. Murray, }

*Jimmy.* An' ye'll marry this—this—

*Maggie.* Father! Call no names! I cannot go back of me word! marry him to save him—body and soul—an' no wan can cry me harum!

*Art.* Harum, Maggie! No harum shall come to you while Ar O'Brien's yer husband—I swear it!

*Both. (Kneeling.)* { Father! } Pardon us what we're going to  
{ Mr. Murray! } do—pardon, and bless!

*Jimmy.* Rise up! Up, I say! Bless ye? Ay, I'll bless ye! Ye're determined to marry this *dhrunken* young rip.

*Maggie.* I am! But he's no *dhrunkard*, Father!

*Jimmy.* Then, my bither curse light on ye! May it light on ye both!

*(Maggie. Falling on her knees in agony)* Father, father, mercy Withdraw those fearful words! *(Shrieks loudly and falls prostrate)*  
*KAUTH, FRANK, and POWDERWIG, run on. Tableau.)*

*Jimmy.* Cursed be ye abroad! Cursed at home! Cursed in on another! Cursed in yer children! Cursed for iver be yer lot!

END OF ACT.

## ACT II.

NINE YEARS HAVE ELAPSED.

SCENE I.—(*ART. O'BRIEN's happy home in Ballynawack, fully furnished, even luxuriously so. ART. designing some plans; MAGGIE housekeeping; PATSEY playing between them—all discovered*)

*Maggie.* Art., darling, will ye git wan o' yere min to put me up another shelf in this *dhr dresser*? Sure I've no room fur half that fine *chaney* ye brought me home; it'll be broke.

*Art. (Laughing.)* Well ye'se the contrairy woman, Mag.; yere hearts's set on white and goold *chaney*, an' yere *omadhaun* av a husband buys it, an' thin, becad, there's no wheres to put it! Faix it's a boodoir ye'll be wanting next—the fine lady ye are!

*Patsey.* What's boodaw dada?

*Art.* Ax yere mammy, Patsey asthore; its she's the fine lady and knows all about it.

*Maggie.* Oh have yere laugh, Art., ye're heartily welcome; but who was it ye rogue of the wurruld ye, that must be layin' out lashins o' money on a fine brick-built parlour, eh Art.? lookin' on a gardin too!

*Art.* Well, Mag., and culdn't we afford it; here we've been this nine years, nearly to the day ye ran away wid me—

*Maggie. (shuddering.)* Art. darling', don't talk o' that rinaway, an' the awful curse hanging over us mebee!

*Art.* Oh whisht about that nonsinse, Maggie, shure, as I often tould ye, the old man didn't rightly know what he's sayin', and so it don't matther a traneeen. Forget it, darlin'?

*Maggie.* I try, Art., but sometimes I can't, an' again sometimes I can—

*Art.* Well make it all "can"—sure iviry woman's able for that—an' about the thrun-out parlour; why would'n't we make the place nice and ginatle? haven't we the best carpenter's business'ithin 30 miles of Ballynawhack? and six o' the best workmin under us? and lashins a' money—in a small way at laste—in the bank? an' won't Patsey here, the sonny av me heart (*kisses the boy*) and little Franky, and the darlin' wisheen Meg. be rale ladies and ginty when we're gone? Tell me Maggie? Oh bedad the "ould blood's" lookin' up! and then ye fling a bit of thrun out parlour at me head!

*Maggie.* Flung the parlour at yere head, Art? (*Laughs.*) Isn't yere father the quare man, Patsey!

*Patsey.* My dada's a gintleman, mammy!

*Maggie.* Oh good morrow to ye, sir! sure we're all ginty now! but whisper, Art., where'd all have been av Maggie Murray hadn't married ye?

*Art.* Maggie, my wife, by true lovin' wife, 'twas you done it all! 'twas you tuk me and saved me when I was on the brink of rune, and Maggie honey, Art. O'Brien's not the man to forget it and av ye brought me no money, Maggie, av ye brought me nothin' in life—

*Maggie. (Shuddering.)* But a curse, Art.!

*Art.* Whisht, whisht! Maggie alanna, an' before the gossoon; ah be a brave woman an' forget that nonsinse; but look around at what grew up out of our rinaway weddin! soberness, dacency, honest work an' honest pay, three darlin childre, prosperity an' a wealthy home, and pace of body an' sowl! thims weddin' gifts the finest lady av the ould O'Briens 'd nivir aqualled! (*baby cries without*) but rin' Maggie! there's little Meg callin' for the sup (*exit MAGGIE, S.E.R., followed by PATSEY.*) An' I have a cake for Franky again he wakes up, tell him! (*goes on with his work.*) Ay, thrue, it is for me, she had nothin' on her back but the owl frock she wore, but she had in her sowl the makins' of happiness, ah, an' of wealth, too, Heaven bless her!—There, that'll plase ould Mr. Norman, I doubt, an' I'll dhrove over in the cool av the evenin', an' show him thim plans (*hums a stave of "The Ould Blood."*) Bedad I'd like to n' where the ould blood 'd be be this time av it hadn't been for darlin' Maggie? (*takes up some letters and sorts them*), an' wasn't cute of her to save me name be not lettin' me take the plidge, but jest promise to meself an' her to take nottin' out o' me males, or except, at other times, wid herself settin' beside me, an' that for seven years—bedad there's a mystery in seven they do be sayin'—till I got fixed in the way of it—what's this? a note from Toal O'Dowl like?—an' now it is aisy for me to come and go amongst thim, and nivir overr-each meself at all! Oh, she's the clivir Maggie! Well, Mr. Toal, ye little divil, what's it ye want (*opens letter*). 'Would I come over an'—bad scan to ye're crooked pothooks, Toal—'an', an' execute'—there's a fine word—and execute the misurement for the

new storehouse, at me convaniance'—see there now, how they wait on Art O'Brien's convaniance—'any day this wake?'—to be sure I'll go. Toal, ye're not half so black as ye're painted, but know the ould blood when ye see it, an' av ye do have a wakeness for ye're dhróp o' dhrink, sure now me probation's over I can jine ye in a glass an' be nivir the worse—an' that last's darlin' Maggie's doin'—(*enter PATSEY, running S. E. R.*) What is it, Patsey, asthore?

*Patsey.* Mammy says there's Uncle Frank and Antie dhrivin' up the street, dad-da, an' yere to go and call them.

*Art.* Frank and Kauth! (*Knocking, and then enter L. FRANK AND KAUTH.*) Well it's good for sore eyes to see ye! Welcome, and heartily welcome! An' how's all at Kilmona?

*Kauth.* Nicely Art. thank ye; and how's Maggie?

*Frank.* Ay, how is she, and the baby?

*Art.* Illigant, illigant! Step inside Kauth and see her; she's nursin', and saw ye comin'

*Kauth.* Come with Antie, Patsey. (*Exeunt. S. E. R.*)

*Frank.* Ah thin, Art. man, but it's yourself that's lookin' finely.

*Art.* Faix there's two of us then! Marriage agrees wid ye Frank!

*Frank.* Ga 'long wid ye—sure Kauth 'd agree with any man, but—

*Art.* (*Laughing.*) But Powdherwig! Arrah what a dressin' Kauth 'd have given him av they'd been married—what's become av him?

*Frank.* He's at the big house still, an' (*laughing*) just as much in love wid my Kauth as ivir—

*Art.* But come, Frank, what'll ye take?

*Frank.* Nothin' Art. till me dinner—

*Art.* Not a drop o' sperrits after yere dhrive—the air's fresh?

*Frank.* (*Gravely*) No! Sure you take none out a males?

*Art.* Oh, me probation's past, but I'm a changed man, an' av I take a dhróp it's *on'y* a dhróp, an' *on'y* whin occasion calls. No fear o' me now!

*Frank.* Sure occasion did'nt call for it for nine years, an' why now?

*Art.* Arrah, Frank, it is the same ould croak you are in as ivir! What talk's this at all to a sinsible man? But sure ye can't help it, Frank—it's in yere blood av ye—but lave it man, an' come on in and see the childre.

(*Exeunt arm in arm S. E. R.*)

## ACT. II.

SCENE II. (*Same as Scene I., Act I. Enter FRANK and KAUTH L arm in arm, and talking.*)

*Frank.* Bedad, Kauth, ye're right—sure ye always are, me own wife as ye are—

*Kauth.* Arrah ga long wid you; whose else's wife 'd I be; Powdherwig's (*laughing*), the crature?

*Frank* (*Laughing*). Poor Powdherwig! Faix it's himself that's in love wid ye still; but, as I was saying, Kauth, ye're right about the craps, faix there'll be the finest sayson ivir known sense the bad year when—



*Kauth.* Ay sense when me poor father—God rest his sowl!—made all the money.

*Frank.* An mebee Toal's father, ould Cooney that's gone to his place——

*Kauth.* An' it's sorry I'd be to say *where* that same place is, eh Frank?

*Frank.* Whisht, whisht, Kauth asthore; sure avin in joke I wudn't say that av the ould dead villyan.

*Kauth.* It's the warn joke's in it for him, I'm thinking; but I'll lave him to what rest he may get. Ye're right, he did make a power o money that year, an' little Toal has it all now, an' he's not the wan to let it milt away!

*Frank.* The divil a fear o that. Who'd a thought ten years ago we'd all be so well off here—you and me in Kilmona farum; Toal in his father's ayont, rowling in money; and Art and Maggie makin' a fortun' in Ballynawhack—but what d'ye sigh for, Kauth, that away?

*Kauth (Slowly).* I dun no, the fortun' is there no doubt—but somehow it don't seem—it dont look——

*Frank.* It's safe enough; barrin' the wan thing——

*Kauth.* Ay—What's that? D'ye mane Maggie takin' on so about father's curse, an' he to die so soon after 'ithout takin' it back again?

*Frank.* Part that—she's heart-scalded, poor crature, wid the bi'terness an' weight av it——

*Kauth.* Ah! sure there's nottin' in it? Didn't Father Roddy say it di'n't signify a thraneen, an' that curses on'y harmed thim that spoke thim?

*Frank.* Thru for him—he did.

*Kauth.* I'm thinkin' that's not the curse—eh Frank?

*Frank.* Will trouble thim? Bedad I think we both think the same.

*Kauth.* Ye're sharper than I thought ye, Frank, an' that's sayin' a dale; but what did ye think now?

*Frank.* Faix I think the curse'd be on from Art's side, not Maggie's. *(Suddenly)* I dun't at all like this suppin' av his, sense the probation's over!

*Kauth. (Gravely).* Nayther do I; no nor Maggie, the crayture, ayther—ye don't know half Frank!

*Frank. (Sighing).* I can make a good guess—it's growin' an him again—is the cursed taste for the dhrop.

*Kauth.* It's that indeed, I fear. Whisper, sure Maggie toul't me—an' I promised I 'udn't tell a living bein'—but sure, Frank asthore, ye're all wan as meself!—

*Frank.* All wan! an' sometimes, bedad, I'm the wakest wan, and get's knocked agin the wall—

*Kauth.* Ah git out wid ye're nonsinse! Why would'nt, as they say, the grey mare be the betther horse? But Maggie toul't me—*(enter POWDERWIG S. E. L)*

*Frank.* Tould ye!—Bad cess to it! here's that omadhaun that's always atther ye. *(Roughly).* Good day t'ye Mr. Powdherwig.

*Powder. (Bowin' to Frank, and offerin' his hand to Kauth).* May I hope, Miss Kau—ahem! Mrs. O'Brien, your 'ealth is hall that could be desired?

*Frank.* Just listen to the jackadandy!

*Kauth.* Sure I can't understand ye! why don't ye spake English?

*Powder.* Speak Henglish! haint I a speaking as we—ahem! in the hupper succles—address ladies in town!

*Kauth.* Ah thin ye may go back to town for me! I don't want ye, an' I don't understan' ye—

*Powder.* Not hunderstand me?

*Frank.* (*Dryly*). Nayther do I. What are ye follerin her for?

*Powder.* (*Confused*). Following? You mis—mis—misapprehend me, Mr. O'Brien—

*Frank.* Ah Miss the divil! sure ye can't be foolin' me, What d'ye want?

*Kauth.* (*Laughing*). Aisy, aisy Frank; faix ye fright the poor crayture! ha! ha!

*Powder.* Fright! poor creetchaw! I—I—good merning, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, I ham on ha visit to Mr. O'Dowl's.

*Kauth.* Oh ye're goin to Toal's? So am I. I want me butter-money aff him. We'll go together. (*with a roguish look to Frank*).

*Powder.* Delighted I'm shaw! (*offers a.m.* *Frank cuts in between them.*)

*Frank.* I'm not Shaw, whoivir he may be, but i'm goin' Toal's road meself, Mr. Powderwig!

*Kauth.* Between ye, I have no chance of gettin'.

*Frank.* An' mind ye, Mr. Powdherwig, sure, with them illigant calves ye might j-st git a wife of yer own, an' lave other jables alone! ye're fulish enough an' ugly enough to catch the rich widdy Branigan; it's the pair ye'd be, ye're all calves, and she's all pigs! Put that in yer pipe and smoke it. (*Exeunt R.*)

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## ACT II.

SCENE III.—(*the kitchen in TOAL O'DOWL'S farm house; TOAL and ART. O'BRIEN sitting at a table with plans &c., also a bottle and glasses, MURTY smoking by the fire.*)

*Art.* (*Sipping his glass.*) Oh don't spake av it! don't spake av it Toal! Shure I'd always be glad to do me best for an' ould frind like yerself—though faix I may tell ye—the joke av it, ha, ha!—that Maggie says ye're no frind!

*Toal.* (*Laughing.*) Maggie says that—ha, ha!

*Art.* (*Confidential in his liquor.*) Ay, isn't it quare she'd be so agin ye, an' ye an' ould flame av hers? But faith Frank says the same, now.

*Toal.* Ah! well! sure a misfortunate little hunchy like meself—

*Art.* Don't take an that a way, Toal; ye're low; take a sup of whiskey?

*Toal.* Ay, an' you fill up or I won't. (*Both drink.*) Well, Art., sure I don't care what they spake av me, as long as I can kape wan frind that's worth the whole of them, to—to say a kind word to the misfortunate hunchy; I like ye, Art., (fill up man! never let me

heart fail!) I love ye, for ye're always kind an, have the soft word for me. Ah! what is it at all at all but the grand ould blood that does it! That's where it is, Art., ye're a gintleman, an' ye can't help actin' as a gintleman! Here's ye're health! (*both drink.*)

*Art.* (*Laughing and getting excited*) Ah ga long wid ye, Toal! Ye want to put the cometh'r on me—sure isn't Frank av the same breedin', an' bedad I may tell ye Toal, in ye're ear ye know, he doesn't love a bone in yer skin!

*Toal.* (*Pretending half drunkenness.*) Art. O'Brien! I know he does'nt, an' it's bekase I'm lunched, an' cross, an' crabbed—no other raison in life—he's kind and gintle and shows the ould dhrop to iverywan else—he's the same blood as ye, but ye have it waimer and stronger and more nateral, an' God's blessin' an' ye for being kind to the poor hunchy; but, "sorrow's dhry," and it's me that's sorry over what ye tell me—fill up—Murty, ye ould divil! This bottle's out, run and fetch a fresh wan. (*Aside.*) Whisper! Fetch the wan wid the yallow sale—it's as strong as hell!—(*Exit, and Murty returns with whiskey bottle*)—an' we'll drink, in spite av all, to the health of Frank O'Brien, and God bless him! (*both drink.*)

*Art.* (*Laughing.*) Bedad, Toal, ye must cheer up out o' them blues, ar ye'll not be fit to spake to the geuls in Ballynawhack, when ye come in to see me to-morrow, ha ha! (*getting drunk.*)

*Toal.* Ye're right, I'll fill another whacker. After all, Art., where's the use of talking? There's nothin' like the sup of whiskey when wan's low! (*fills a tumbler full.*) Now jine me, there's a good fellow, an' poor little hunchy Toal, 'll be as bright an' brisk as a young coult; but av ye don't, divil a dhrop 'll pass me own lip.

*Art.* (*Drunkenly and argumentatively.*) Faix it's not I'd kape ye low, an' av ye *wont* drink 'ithout me, sure I'm bound in kindness to ye, Toal, to see, d'ye see Toal, to see that—faix it's all sees I am now, half seas-over as that quare English "caulve," divil—Powdherwig ses—Well, no matter—here's to ye, Toal, an' may ye live for ever and chate the divil! (*drinks a tumbler off.*)

*Toal.* Ha! ha! chate the divil! see that now, for cliverness! live and chate the divil—bedad, I'll have another glass on that! (*fills for both*) an' Art, asthore, tune up a fine bould song that 'll stir up our sows! What's that splendid wan—ay, I have it—"The Ould Blood! the Bould Blood."

*Art.* (*Swallows his liquor, flings up his hat, and bellows out the song drunkenly and with great exaggeration; towards the end of it enter R. FRANK, KAUTH, AND POWDERWIG.*)

*Frank.* Art! what's the matter?

*Art.* Mather—nosin's mather! Sing us up the tune agin Frank! an' Kauth, me own shистер, 'll join? Ay an' that ould grinnin' bosthoun av a Pow—av a Wigpow—Powwig—what the divil's yere name at all, at all! (*Pursues Powderwig who runs away behind table.*)

*Frank.* Art, Art, I'm ashamed of ye!

*Kauth.* (*To TOAL fiercely*) What scoundhrel's thrick's this yere playin'?

*Toal.* (*Quite sober.*) Kauth O'Brien, an' Frank! Believe me it's not my doin'! He kem dhruvin over here wid his plans from



Ballynawhack, an' he stopped at the village along wid Larry and some of his ould colloques at Tim Flanigan's—faix he had the drop taken, ay an a good wan too, when he kem in—ax Murty! (*Winks at Murty.*)

*Murty.* Divil a word a lie in it! He was mostparts gone when he kem in. Whusper, misther Frank! Toal gev him sober-water! think of that now, sober-water—see the bottles lying there! but sure he wudn't touch nothin' but the whiskey! Divil a bit else.

*Kauth.* Poor Maggie! This is the curse indeed! Frank, we'll take him home wid huz?

*Frank.* Ay, av we can get him.

*Toal.* (*aside*) The fools! They may take him home and welcome, for to-night! But he's mine now; I have the key av his sowl for iver, an' min call it be a strange name—whiskey!

(*Art. has been dodging POWDERWIG; now catches him by the collar and struggle; FRANK &c. form Tableau and scene closes.*)

## ACT II.

SCENE IV.—(*Same as Scene III. Act I. Street in Ballynawhack; TIM and SHAUNEEN leaning against SCADHAN's smoking pipes.*)

*Tim.* Ay, I hear tell he's took on dreadful agin; faix, I allus said pride'd have a fall. He's drinking hard this six months!

*Shauneen.* Ay an' for him to be settin' up as better than huz and the likes o' we, wid his airs an' graces—gorra I and Toal set our hearts on givin' a thwist downwards. We've put the taste av the whiskey an him agin.

*Tim.* You and Toal, inagh! t'was Toal and you I think—sure ye're on'y doing the little divil's dirty work!

*Shauneen.* An' what are ye, I'd like to know? bad scran to this ould pipe—it's allus going out!

*Tim.* It's ye that has no taste for it—the whiskey kills the 'backy.

*Shauneen.* Faix yere right. We light up the smoke from custom-like, but it's on'y the rale sobersides does be rightly enjoying their blast of the pipe.—Be gorra! here comes Art., an' oh holy Moses, Tim, do'sn't he look downish?

*Tim.* Musha he does thin! But ye'll see he'll brag as big as av he was the sarre well-aff man instead o' bein' near a pauper as he is now.

*Shauneen.* Whisht! see now av I don't raise the price of a drink aff him. (*Enter ART. Seemingly dressed and looking rather dissipated s. E. L.*) Ah, Art. me boy, is that yerself thin? Faix I didn't expect to see ye to-day?

*Art.* Morrow, Tim; morrow Shauneen—and why didn't ye expect to see me?—Oh wirra, wirra but it's I have the murderin' head an me—why Tim?

*Tim.* Oh bedad that headache jest tells it—the pig-daling an' pig-faced Widdy Branigan says to me, this morning, says she “Faix Art. O'Brien was bad,” says she, “last night; and the divil a fut he'll lave

his bed this morning" says she; but says I, "what are ye talkin' about! sure he's no wake-headed bosthoon like that English 'caulve'-chap, that's smellin' after ye, Widdy! He's the ould blood that cries 'niver say die!'"

*Art.* Oh! that's the talk is it?

*Tim.* Yes; "smellin' after me," says she, "faix I'd soener have Powdherwig, fule as he is, doin' that same, than have a poor puny fellow like ye're Art. O'Brien that can't stand a dhrop at all at all!" says she; "Can't stand it?" says I, "it's little ye know av the strength an' the power av the gran' ould blood" says I—

*Shauneen (Half-aside.)* Arrah hould yere balderdash! sure he cudd'nt stand a naggin or two now—isn't he looking in at Scadhan's dyin' for a dhrop, and he afeard av it! He's no O'Brien at all!

*Art. (over-hearing)* What call has the widdy to talk o' what she dunno about? I'd stand me whack of whiskey wid any man—ay, an' I'd give yese a drink now, min, on'y me head's bad on account av a knack I gev it.

*Shauneen (Half-aside.)* A knack wid a glass!

*Tim.* Faix there's nothin' like a hair av the dog that bit ye. But I misdoubt, Art., av ye cudd stand it?

*Art. (Aside.)* Arrah, what talk's this? An O'Brien to the back-bone, wid all the ould blood av cinturies in me veins, an' me to stop listening to the nonsinse av a pair av gommicks that id be rogues av they wasn't fules.—I'll show them where the rale blood is! (*Aloud*) stand it? Jest step into Scadhan's there, an' we'll see who'll stand most. I'll pay for all ye dhrink, so ye needn't stint in trvin' me strength. Come on.  
(*Exeunt into Scadhan's.*)

## ACT II.

SCENE V.—(*Art's home: same as Scene I. Act II. FRANK and ART. sitting at table talking over some papers; and the room emptied and more tumbled than in former scene.*)

*Art.* Well me hand and me heart t'ye, Frank, but it's you has done me the service wid that bit of a loan! Faix I'd go all wrong 'ithout it, things does be goin' so square wid me av late. That hundhred pound 'll save me.

*Frank.* God send it may, Art; sure it's all I could spare ye. But, Art., whisper, ye'll be a man, and—kum what may—don't break the wife's heart—ye've had a warbin'!

*Art.* Musha don't croak, Frank, there's a good fellow—I've been misfortunate av late, but won't I pull it up wanst I set to work? now for the receipt (*goes to desk*)

*Frank (Aside)* misfortunate; ay, blame the luck, me poor Art., blame anything but the thrue cause—the cursed dhrink that's been hangin' an ye so long!

*Art (turning over almanac leaves)* Arrah what's the date at all?—Whurro! Frank.

*Frank* What are ye shoutin' for?

*Art* Well that bates Banagher! Here's Patsey's burday, and divil a futt av me nor Maggie ivir to rimimbirit! Here, Biddy! Biddy! I say—

*Frank*. (*d'yly*) What are ye callin' for?

*Art*. Arrah have ye the heart av a stone? Wouldn't I be ca'lin' for the sonny that doats an' me, an' me not kape it—Biddy! the burday av him?—musha what was Maggie thinking av to forge it?

*Frank*. Not a bit av her forgot it, the craythure; no woman ivir forgot the burday av her first-born yet. Mebee she thought ye'd kape it *too much*, Art.

*Art*. Biddy! It is deaf ye are? Frank, av ye warn't me brother I'd call ye a baste for that sayin'. Biddy!

(*Enter BIDDY, S. E. R.*)

*Biddy*. Sure I'm not dif! what d'ye want?

*Art*. Where's the mistress?

*Biddy*. Gone out, this hour past.

*Art*. An' where's me sonny? where's Patsey?

*Biddy*. Safe an' soun' in bid! jest where he ought to be, the darlin'.

*Art*. Go an' fetch him up at wanst.

*Biddy*. What far?

*Frank*. Sure the child's aslape, an' ye wudn't wake him?

*Art*. Ah ga'long wid yese! Wuddn't kiss the darlin' av me heart! the light av me eyes! an' his burday? Will ye ga lang an' fetch him, wuman.

*Biddy*. "Need's must whin the divil drives"! shall I dress the craythurs?

*Art*. } Yes, av coorse, an' be quick!

*Frank*. } No, av coorse, why would ye? (*Exit Biddy S. E. R.*)

*Art*. Well, Frank, we must have a tumbler jest to dhrink the darlin's health—now don't be makin' long faces, its yerself likes it, ould sober-sides though they call ye. (*bustles about room*). There's the kittle. Water? aye, full. An' suggar, and limon— an' for Maggie to go out on such a night av joy?—an' tumblers—faix she must jest take wan herself when she's back, an'—

*Frank*. (*Aside*) It's well Maggie knew it, but she dursn't tell him. Bedad its not me hundred poun's 'ill save the business av he gits an the dhrink bad agin—faix he's made a fine hole in the furniture av this sem room seuce I was last in it—all the best things gone—gone, how I an O'Brien shame to say it!—gane to the pawn shop—an' for dhrink! Wirra, wirra, but me heart's scalded wid him!

*Art*. Ay, the wather biles finely now, an' Frank, wan tumbler—why not?—to dhrink Patsey's health! Arrah Biddy! be quick!

*Frank*. Wan tumbler, Art, an no more?

*Art*. Oh divil a more!

(*Enter BIDDY and gives PATSEY half-awake to ART and exit.*)

*Art*. Me darlin' darlin' sonny! the hope av me life! Sure Patsey, darlin' kiss me an' hug me to ye—far it's yer own burday night? (*embrace*)

*Patsey*. Me burday! an' won't me mammy give me a purty present?

*Art.* Sure she will, Patsey ; an' so'll I, to-morrow, honey. What was it I gev ye last year me own, own, heart's pet ?

*Patsey.* Sure ye gev me the arrum chair, ye made for me, daddy !

*Art.* See that now ! how he rimimbers ! Well, an' I'll make ye a table to-morrow—av I'm well enuff, I mane—but anyway I'll buy ye a fine toy, and a cake, an'—

*Frank.* Oh, bedad ye must'nt stuff him or he'll be sick. Now a kiss for your uncle.

*Art.* Ay take him, Frank, an' may ye soon have wan like him ! (*gives child.*) an' now for our tumbler—but sure the child hasn't his coat ! Biddy, take Patsey and put the coat on him. It's cowl'd it is. (*Enter BIDDY and exit with PATSEY.*)

*Art.* Sit ye down, Frank, till I brew the jorum (*brews*) that'll be about it ? Eh ? A bit more sugar ? (*Tastes whiskey*) Bedad that's the rale stingo ! I'll just take a glass av it nate—sure me stomach's out av or'dher—ah, that warms the cockles av one's heart ! have a dhrop nate, Frank ?

*Frank.* No thank ye ! I nivir did yet, an' I nivir intend doing it.

*Art.* Didn't ye ? that's quare. (*Absently drinking another glass.*) Faix I aften take it—

*Frank.* Now ?

*A. t.* Ay now—av coorse I didn't when I was on me probation.

*Frank.* It's the pity, Art., ye didn't stap an it.

*Art.* Whisht yer croakin'—there's yer tumbler—get outside av that an' it'll make ye think better av me ! (*Both drink together. Enter BIDDY with PATSEY, who runs over and sits on ART's knee*)

*Art.* An' kum, Frank, I'll give ye the toast—here's to Patsey ! the hope of the ould O'Briens ! an' long life to him !

*Frank.* Amin ! an' happiness wid it, an' afther it ! (*They drink and ART secretly gives Patsey a sup.*)

*A. t.* An' ye love yer'e father, Patsey ?

*Patsey.* Yis, I love me ould daddy, an' me mammy, an' me daddy loves me—don't you daddy ?

*A. t.* Av coorse I do ! Ah ! An' how could I help it ? He's the fondest little chap ye'd ivir know, Frank—but ye'r glass is empty ! fill again man !

*Frank.* No, I won't ; wan's me measure. An' yerself said on'y wan. No, no, no, don't fill again for me ! I'll not dhrink it ; no, ye needn't—I'm determined—I'll not have it.

*A. t.* Isn't y'er uncle the quare man, Patsey ? Av ye won't, ye won't, an' there's no use talkin', but faix I'll have it meself (*drinks it off*) an' now I must have me own, or I'd be chatin' meself—that's the talk, Patsey me man ! (*mixes and drinks*) Arrah, Frank, don't be lukin' so sour—faix ye'd turn milk sour wid the luk av ye !

*Frank.* Better that then be a heart-scald to wife and childre.

*Art.* Ah then, Mr. Frank, whose the heart-scald ? (*Drinks*) Am I Patsey ? divil a fut av it. Shure I wouldn't have the houl't av the boy's love, Frank, av I was what ye say ? Sure he's the on'y wan—ay, avin better than me darlin' Maggie—that can soother me, coax me, an' git me to bid when I'm not well—

*Frank.* (*Aside*) Not well ! a man 'll never let on he's drunk—on'y 'not well !'

*Art.* What is it ye be sayin', Patsey, when ye want me to go to bed ? Tell uncle. (*Drinks.*)

*Patsey.* I say, 'Daddy, won't ye come and lie down be yer own Patsey, an' then my darlin' Daddy comes wid me.

*Art.* Always ?

*Patsey.* Allus, Daddy ye nivir refuse yere own, own, Patsey ; and we lie down an go aslape.

*Art.* (*Embracing PATSEY*) Me darlin', darlin', sonny ! Shure ye must take a good sup of this poonch, Patsey, and wish me luck ! (*FRANK starts up.*)

*Frank.* Hold, for God's sake ! Art. spare the child av ye don't spare yerself.

(*Enter MAGGIE R., out-door dress on, and toys in hand, and starts with horror.*)

*Maggie.* Art, are ye mad ? Wudd ye poison the very son av yer sowl ?

*Patsey* (*cries*) Mammy, Mammy, ye frite me !

*Maggie.* There's toys, Patsey for yer burday ; let him down, Art.

*Art.* (*passionately, and holding the glass to child's lips.*) Not till he drinks me luck.

*Maggie.* It's death and hell yere giving yer son ! Never !

(*dashes the glass from his hand ; tableau*)

## ACT II.

SCENE VI.—(*Same as last but quite destitute of furniture—nothing being left but a straw pallet, a couple of stools and a box or two.*  
*Enter R. (after knocking two or three times) POWDERWIG and WIDOW BRANIGAN.*)

*Powder.* Well, I nevaw ! Why, Mrs. Branigan, there ain't no one nor nothin' in the premises—nevaw !

*Mrs. B.* Arrah don't be peeping or pryin'—sure some of thim may come in an' ketch huz—A bed ! phaugh, call that a bed—faix I'll call it—

*Powder.* What, my angel widdaw—

*Mrs. B.* Angel fiddlesicks, Mr. Powderwig—don't be comin' yere thricks over me—I know ye, ye rogue, ye—ye thried them same on Kauth Murray, that's O'Brien now, an' d'ye think I'd demane mesel wid her lavins ?

*Powder.* Leavings, beloved Branigan, would you call your hown P. leavings ? (*Kisses hands*)

*Mrs. B.* Arrah dhrop yer nonsinse ! what d'ye be follerin' me about for—answer me that now !

*Powder.* (*Aside*) She is a widdaw, Jeames, so beware ! and don't commit yawsself, but why not ? is she not rich ? has she not pigs ? only be cautious ! (*Aloud*) Following you, dearest Mrs. B. ! Ahem—I didn't follow—ahem, was it not, my sweetest of widows, who drew me henchained with her bewitching heyes—those horbs—



Mrs. B. (*O'ying him.*) What's Horbs? Faix I don't understand ye; who's horbs?

Powder. Yaw lovely heyes!

Mrs. B. Ah ga long! its jokin ye are (*aside*) faix purabs he is airnest though? who knows? an' it' the fine ligs of him he's got. (*Aloud*) ye make me blush, Mr. Powderwig, an', an' it's not (*gulp*) fair, to take, advantage of a lorne, lone, widdy—(*Sobs, handkerchief, &c.,*)

Powder. (*Confused.*) Perchance her tendaw 'art is struck with love—love, love ah it is too delicious a dream! besides her bankaw's account is splendid—Jeames, ye might do warse! (*Aloud*). The lorne and the lone, my angel widow, can rest and find solace on this buzzum! here I hoffer a pillow for sat-upon haffection! here an 'arbour of refuse for the smashed-hup wreck of deceased Branigan's relic! Come to me harms for ever! (*She drops in his arms. Enter Murty Nolan, R.*)

Murty. Oh Moses! but here's goin's on in another man's house! What are ye up to? Faix I'll let out on ye, av ye don't stump up handsome! Begorra Art. O'Brien'd bate ye into a jelly, Powderwig! av he knows av ye makin a bosthoonery av his room—oh, faix it's I'll tell him! (*going R.*)

Mrs. B. (*Aside*) Arrah Murty, don't be cross wid ye! I kem to see poor Maggie an' this—ahem!—gentleman follyed me in. Go away home, Murty, acushla, an' I'll give you a shillin'.

Murty. A shillin'? Divil a bit, now; make it five an I'll go. Whusper; ye have him fast, av I go; and shure he's worth more than a dirthy crown?

Powder. (*Who has been in trepidation.*) I think I'll say good day, Mrs. —

Mrs. B. Here's yer money—now, be off! (*MURTY going R.*)

Powder. Yaas, yaas, to be sure, exactly Mr. Murty—I'd better hacompany you. (*Exeunt hastily MURTY and POWDERWIG R.*)

Mrs. B. Well, now, av he isn't the dirthy coward av the wurruld, to rin, an' lave me thataway! Is he worth havin' at all, afther that? I dunno—he's the illigant legs under him; and sure, purabs, he wasn't afeard av Art. O'Brien, but on'y didn't like the chance of meetin' him an' Art., mebee, mad drunk, poor fellow!—No! Not he afraid. Av I thought he was *that*, I'd nivir spake to him again. Heigho! it's illigant legs he has; an' faix I'll give him another chance; it's mighty lonesome I am, an' no wan to look afther me—let alone the pigs, the darlins! Well, poor Maggie, wretched craythur she is, wid that dhrunken baste starving her and selling all her sticks; she's not comin', an I must go. Perhaps I'll church wid that Powderwig afther all! (*Exit R.*)

(*A pause; enter ART, S. E. L., quite drunk, dirty, and singing "The Ou'd Blood;" sits down on box*)

Art. Maggie—Maggie, I say!—Maggie O'Brien, d'ye hear me! Arrah where the divil's she gone to now!—rampaging 'bout the counthry, I'll go bail; or, mebee she's hidin'—hidin' from me—shamed av herself—ought to be av she isn't. (*Rising.*) I'll look—no, not there—nor there! Bedad she *can't* hide much anywhere here—there's no sticks to hide a mouse! (*Sits down on box.*) Now, I wondher what the divil she's done wid all those fine sticks o' things I gev her? an' lavin' me

here wid sorra a bit to drink ? drink—bedad that's where it is—it's the drink—but why not ? Av I chuse to drink me whack, who's to say me no ? Amn't I a man ? Amn't I an O'Brien—an ould O'Brien av Limerick—an' yit, somehow, she goes an' sells, an' pawns all me sticks for—drink ! Ay, an' me own darlin' Patsey. (*Rises.*) Patsey, I say—where are ye at all, at all ? B'gorra, av I thought—av I on'y thought for a second—she'd take the sonny av me heart from me, I'd—but there—I'd not answer what I'd do. (*Sits on box*) An' yet, sure, she's the darlinest av all—me own sweet colleen dhas—the pride av me soul—the love av me heart—the flower av Kilmona ! (*Tenderly*) Ah ! Maggie, Maggie ! me own Maggie ! didn't I pour out me whole sowl on ye, an' ye on me ? Didn't I love the very groun' ye throd on, an' ye the same to me ? Wain't I the sla'e av ye—the very dirt undher her feet for burning love av ye, for all these long, long years, an' ye the same to me ? An', *now*, where is it wid us ? What's this horrid luck that's come to blight us, an' put the hard word an' the bither look betuns us ? (*Voice rising*) Who's this foul divil out o' hell that's raisin' blackness and curses in our buzzums ? that's makin' his own hell in our own home ?—curses, double curses, ten thousand curses on the blasted luck that's ruined me thiade, bruk up me home, torn the love av me darlin' wife from me heart—mebee stole away me sonny from me for ivir. Luck, I curse ye with the bitherest curse av a ruined man ! (*Enter MAGGIE, wildly, S.E.L., ragged, wan, and thin ; her baby at her breast.*)

*Maggie.* Oh, Art., Art., for the love of heaven give over cursing ! It's awful to think it all comes back on us ! Sit down me darlin' Art., an' calm yerself— I heard ye wor here alone—

*Art. (Pretending solemnity.)* Heard I wor here ! an' why didn't ye answer me, an' me schreeching me inside out for ye ?—an' where's me sonny ?

*Maggie.* Set down an' I'll tell ye ! For Patsey's sake, set down ?

*Art.* Ay will I, for his sake.

*Maggie.* That's right, sure I know y'd do what your own Maggie ax's you.

*Art.* Where's Patsey, I say ; answer me that ?

*Maggie.* Shure darlin', whin I was coming across the square I mit the widdy Branigan—an' darlin', ye won't be angry ?

*Art.* Where's Patsey, I say ? (*passion rising*)

*Maggie.* Shure I'm tellin' ye ; an' the poor child, ay an' little Franky too, (*weeps*) oh, Art. darlin' they wor cryin' for—for—oh me God, that I should ivir have to say it !—

*Art.* Spake out at wanst, woman !

*Maggie. (rising)* Woman ! oh Art., are you mad to spake me so !

*Art. (Grasping her wrist)* Ay, mad, I believe I am—where's me sonny, ye onnatural baste av a woman ?

*Maggie.* Oh for the love of God, Art., be calm ! what d'ye mane ! what's this wildness in yere eye ! (*struggles free for a moment and places baby on pallet ; ART follows and grasps her again.*)

*Art.* Where's Patsey ? spake or I'll—

*Maggie.* In heaven's name loose me ? I gev him to—

*Art.* Ye gev him away from me—curse ye, ye—(*grasps her hair and raises his fist*)

*Maggie.* Oh mercy Art. ! for the dear love of God, mercy—murder, murder ! (*He strikes her a violent blow in the face she falls covered with blood shrieking "murder ;" he is about to strike her again when POWDERWIG rushes in and pins his arms.* *Enter MRS. BRANIGAN* TOAL O DOWI, FRANK KAUTH, and MURTY. *Tableau.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I. (*WIDOW BRANIGAN'S meal and bacon shop ; bags of meal and fitches hanging from rafters ; half-door practicable leading to street* M. E. R. ; *WIDOW B. one side of counter, POWDERWIG the other, discovered.*)

*Widow B.* Ah ! ye're jokin' now, Mr. Powdherwig ; sure av ye'r h-art's so saft as ye say, some av thim idle shlips av geruls—good-for-nothin' sluts as they are !—some of 'm, I say, 'd be blatherin' it into their shape long ago. Its on'y decaving me ye are—wid yer blarney !

*Powderwig.* Deceiving you, sweetawst of widows ! nevaw ! While Blarney is a locality I've nevaw 'ad the hopportunity of visiting, han hin consequence, hangelic Branigan—

*Widow B. (Laughing).* Oh listen to the man ! Angelic ! an' me wid a waste an me like wan av thim sacks ! (*aside*) but its the fine talk he has all the same ; an' the fine man ; jest think av the ligs of him. (*Aloud*) Faix it's quare angels there must be in your heaven !

*Powderwig.* My 'eaven ? (*Enter MURTY unseen and leans over half-door* M. E. R.)

*Widow B.* Ay ; sure there must be an English heaven as will as an Irish wan (*As de.*) I won't say but what it 'd be a mighty warm wan. (*Aloud*) Shure the Irish and the English nivir agree in this wurld ! (God bless it !) an' why wud they in the nixt ?

*Powderwig.* Haw ! haw ! an' Hishish 'eaven hand a Henglish one ! but we hagree, adorable Branigan ?

*Widow B. (As de.)* Doesn't he talk swate now. (*Aloud.*) How can we ?—I don't care for Englishmin, now ; they're mostly stuck-up poor fules that udn't know a guse fram a gaudher—no ! ye needn't be takin' me hand ! no, I tell ye ! I don't like the breed av ye. (*Aside.*) Me-bee, though, I'd putt up wid it all the same av I wor axed. (*Aloud.*) Ah ! lave go av me hand ; sure, don't I tell ye I nivir cudd bear ye ?

*Powderwig.* Not braw yaw hown sweet P. ? Ho ! my hown, my best, my loveliest ! (*As de.*) Hi know she's the richest widdaw hin the town, hand perhaps she'll ave me ; (*Aloud.*) Nay, nevaw look haway hand blush me churryhim an' serryfin—

*Widow B.* What's thim, thin ? Ay lave go a me ; sure yer arrum's nat lang enuff to rache over the counther—(*ogling*) is it now ? (*Aside*) It's the darlin' man he is, an' I'll have him av he gives me the chance. (*Aloud*) don't shtrain yerself— don't now—(*whispering*) darlin'.



*Powderwig.* She calls me dawling. (*Aside.*) Pigs, hand shop, hand bank-book ! You hall are mine. (*Aloud*) adorable Branigan ? (*lifts hand as if taking an oath*) here on my——

*Murty (coming forward.)* Ah, ye murderin' villyan ; wud ye strike the woman. (*Aside.*) I'll have the price av more than wan naggin out a this, or me name's not Murty Nolan. (*Aloud.*) Murdher ! here's the English——

*Powderwig.* } 'Old, 'old ! in 'eaven's name, 'old !

*Widow B.* } Bad seran t'ye, Murty, wid ye raise the parish ?

*Murty.* Murdher ! Oh ! Save the woman !

*Widow B.* Whisht ! Whisht ! Whisht ! Is it money ye want ? here (*give's money*) in heaven's name ! but stop ye're screechin' !

*Murty.* (*Takes money and turns to P.*) Oh ! ye mortal villyun ! Murder ! Mur——

*Powderwig.* Be quiet, will you ! Money ? Pray, be quiet—here's hault a ——

*Murty.* Murdher ! he offered to strike the——

*Powderwig.* A crown—a whole crown—hault a soverchin ! if you'll hold your infawnal tongue.

*Murty.* (*Pocketing the money*) Oh, *that* alters the case entirely ; and meebee its only courtin' ye was, ha, ha, ha !—eh widly ? Is it the pigs ye're lavin' an' goin' in for eaulves ? Min' they don't kick ye !

*Widow B.* Ga long, ye shameless blagard !

*Powderwig.* Be good enough to retiauw now ?

*Murty.* Oh, anyting to oblige in life (*going M. E. R.*) 'Gorra I'm always ketchin' yese two coortin'—why don't yese buckle to at wanst ? (*aside*) it's tryin' to cha'e one another they are. (*Aloud.*) Oh, y're sarviut, Mrs. O'Brien ! (*enter MAGGIE, scar on forehead, M. E. R.*) An' how s all wid ye ? an the master, God bless him ?

*Maggie.* Well, Murty Nolan ; an' will be, plase God, as long as he's out o' the road of ye an' the likes o' ye. I know ye're master—save ye, Mrs. Branigan ; Mr. Powderwig.

*Murty.* (*As de and going*) Ay, an' Toal knows you and yours. He's not done wid ye, yet. (*Exit.*)

*Maggie.* I want a s'one a whole male, Mrs. Branigan, and sime bacon an' eggs.

*Widow B.* An' well ye'll be served, Mrs. O'Brien, dacent woman. What's the price ? how'll that male suit ye ? An' how's Art, himself ? He nivir comes down the town at all at all now. Faix I don't think he's been in the shop this two years—no ; let me see now—no ; nat since he tuk the pledge. That's a fine streak of bacon.

*Maggie.* Ay, but's over fat. Thin he'll be here jast now—he said he'd call far me.

*Powderwig.* Hand does he raally keep the pledge ?

*Maggie.* Of course he does ; this two years. Isn't he a sworn man ?

*Widow B.* (*Aside.*) Some breaks it for all that.

*Powderwig.* Hoaths his breakable as Hi know.

*Widow B.* Av coorse he kapes it ; an' isn't his business lukin' up fine ? how many 'prentices have ye now ?

*Maggie.* (*Sighing*) Only wan. It's hard to git back a thrade when wanst it begins to shlip from ye. But we're doin' nicely, thank ye ;

an' can live clane and dacent at laste, glory be to Heaven! (*Enter FRANK.*) Ah, Frank! an' it's meself's glad to see ye! an' how's Kauth?

*Frank.* Finely finely! Well, Mrs. Branigan, and Mr. Powdherwig, can't ye'se settle that job's troubling ye'se so long?

*Widow B. (Bashfully.)* What are ye talkin' av?

*Powdherwig. (Aside to B.)* See, my adawble! How hall hour friends hadvise hus

*Frank.* Maggie! A word? Is it thrue that Art. sticks to his pledge?

*Maggie.* Thru! How dar ye, Frank, ax me that question? How dar ye, I say? Isn't he a man? An' an O'Brien of the ould stock? Ay, and isn't he swoorn? An' ye dar ax me such a thing?—I'm ashamed av ye, Frank.

*Frank.* Whisht, whisht, sure ye knew I meant nawthin'; only Toal said he—

*Maggie.* Toal O'Dowl! an' 'ud ye mind what that imp 'd be sayin'? Shame on ye! As sure as I'm a livin' woman—livin' and breathin' on this floor—Art., my own darlin' husband, has nivr tasted dhrop this two year, nivr.

*Frank.* There, there then, sure I was wrong to be axin' idle tales, an' I'm satisfied. An' don't be blamin' me, Maggie asthore; sure we had an awful thrial last time, good craythure as ye wor to take it so well; and faix sooner than go through the shame an' sorra av it agin. I'd putt the Atlantic 'twuxt Art. an' me. I wudd, Maggie; and glad I am there's no cause to fear.

*Maggie.* Fear, Frank, av ye warn't me brother, and, bist frind of Art's.—I'd—

(ART AND KAUTH appear at the half-door U. E. R.)

*Art.* Ho ho, Faix it's nice colloquing' ye're havin' wid my wife, Frank.

*Kauth.* Ha ha, an' my husband lavin' me for me shister. An, good morning Mrs. Branigan, an' Mr. Powdherwig.

*Widow B. (Aside.)* She needn't be thrying on her schemes agin.

*Frank.* Ay colloquin'. Well, will ye an' Maggie take the bit a dinner wid us? We ordhered some at the inn? When ye're done shoppin', Kauth, ye'll come?

[*Exunt FRANK, ART., and MAGGIE, U. E. R. ART. remains leaning over the door laughing at the jealousy of WIDOW B. &c.*]

*Ka th.* Arrah ga long, ye blackgard! Take that (*slaps his face*) for rin' to talk folly to a married woman! (*Exit U. E. R.*)

*Widow B.* Jest take yerself out o this, Mr. Powderwig, an' nivr darken me door agin—decateful scoundrel!

*Powder.* Mrs. B! hadorable Mrs. B.! I said nothing to the pawson she flung hawsel hat me!

*A t. (aside)* Holy Moses listen to the liar!

*Widow B. (aside).* Like enough she did, the hussey; she'd pride to take him fram me! (*Aloud.*) No Mr. Powdherwig, I hard ye!

*Powder.* 'Eard me? what? hangel hof me 'art, hand hof me 'ead—

*Art. (Aside).* I'll powdher his 'ead for him!

*Powder.* 'Ere hon me bended knees, 'ere, though the huneven

pavement 'urts me infawnally, I beg at my lovely widdaw's feet for 'er hand, 'er art,—

*Art.* (*Cutting away the ropes supporting the flour and bacon over Powderwig's head; they both fall on, and nearly smother Powderwig*)  
Her pigs an' her male! (*Exit Art.*)

*Powder.* Scoundrel! ho! Hi'm smothawed, phew, Theha! phew!

*Widow B.* (*Rushing after Art.*) Ye hateful baste! to half murder me man, and spile me male, I'll have me revinge an ye for that wrong.

(*Enter FRANK, MURTY, MAGGIE, KAUTH and neighbours who all laugh at POWDERWIG and MRS. BRANIGAN. Tableau and end of scene.*)

### ACT III.

SCENE. II.—(*The bar of SCADHAN's public-house, fitted up as usual*  
*ART, TOAL, MURTY and LARRY &c., leaning on hogsheads, some smoking; others at bar; all drinking.*)

*Larry.* Ay, I'm tould he's doin' very well, takin' a power av the farmer's business, an' after all's said an' done that's the work pays. Isn't it Art?

*Art.* (*thoughtfully*) Bedad it is; well I know it; the town thrade can't hould a candle to the work wan'd be gettin' from the farmers.

*Toal.* Ay, an' how is it that it doesn't come to ye're shop now, Art.?—sup yere 'cordial' man, av ye'll dhrink no betther—how is it, I say!

*Art.* Faix I can't tell at all—this is poor stuff, Barney, have ye none betther?

*Barney.* Ay there's betther, so the 'totlers tell me—I nivr touch the cat-lap ye call 'cordial' meself—on'y ye'll have to pay for it—it's dear.

*Art.* An' why wuddn't I pay?

*Toal.* Hut, man alive! It's my thrade. Fetch the best, Barney; I'm the paymaster.

*Barney.* Rale Dublin stingo it is too! made be wan of the illigantest chemists in the land. Stronger nor brandy, they do be telling me; and ye' quite taytotal!

*Murty.* (*Aside*) Quite taytotal! listen to him now. Faix the pains min do be takin' to tell lies to their selves bates me. (*Exit Barney.*)

*Toal.* Fetch it thin, and don't be pratin'. But how is it ye lose the thrade?

*Tim.* It's asy enuff to explain—the farmers like the friendly sort a man that'll mate thim in market wid a grip av the fist, an' a hearty: 'Won't ye sup a glass wid me?' They don't like close min.

*Toal.* I think there's somethin' in that too

*Art.* Arrah not a bit av it. Sure there s yer own case, Toal, ye wuddn't give a man a job jist bekase he axed ye to drink!

*Toal.* No I udn't; but thin I'm different.

*Murty.* (*Aside*) Thank Heaven for that! Bedad av all wor like Toal,

we'd jist as well go to blazes at wanst—the little divil—'master,' though I call him.

Barney. (*Entering, and winking at TOAL.*) There! luk at that now; shmell it, taste it (*reads label.*) 'Father Mathew's own heart's cordial! drunk be all the taytotlers av Dublin?' Taste it!

Toal. Divil a bit! I shtick to me whiskey, and lave cordials to ould wimin and boys!

Art. (*Wincing.*) Ye needn't boast, Toal; (*Tastes and smacks lips*) Ah! There is a rale cordial, Barney; that's stuff to warm the cockles av the heart!

Murty. (*Aside*) Ay, an' to whirl the brains out av ye're head, too!

Art. Taste it Larry? Tim? Shauneen?

Tim..... } Not I; d'ye take me for a croneen?

Larry..... } Arrah, give it to the babby; that's all its fit for.

Shauneen.. } Ga long wid the mess, Art! Sure ye ought to be ashamed av yer blood—you an ould O'Brien an' to drink that hogwash! Git out, ye're no man at all!

Art. No man, amn't I? (*Defiantly drinks a tumbler full of the cordial.*) What d'ye think av that now? I'm not to be made dhrink whiskey be you, an' I'll dhrink hogwash, or any other wash just av I like—no man, inagh!

Toal. Bedad I'm half inclined to agree wid Shauneen—

Larry. An' it's well ye may. He spakes true.

Paddy. Nat exactly. Now I'll argufy the piut. Here's we an' the likes av huz, commin' clay wid no sperrit—

Toal. Faix I'll put sperrit in me thin! Boys fill up—it's my harvest thrate an' ye may dhrink till ye bust.

All. Hurrah! for Toal. Ay, but he's the bould little chap, and doesn't spare his money, or fear his whiskey.

Art. (*Drinks, and who is getting excited.*) Toal! I'll dhrink t'ye though it be on'y cordial; y'ere a man iviry inch a ye—small as ye are—

Shauneen. Musha ye need'nt throw the smallness av his body at him! bedad it's the large heart he has.

Tim. Ay an' that's betther than the ould blood, which is apt to rin cowl'd an' make a fule and a coward av a man—so 'tis

Toal. Now, Barney! Fill up all roun'! an' don't forget Mr. O'Brien's medecine.

All. Medecine ha! ha! ha! listen to him.

Art. Laugh away an' welcome. I'll have me cordial. Here's t'ye Toal.

Toal. No! Don't drink to me Art. O'Brien! no man shall say, wid my consent at laste, "here's t'ye Toal!" in cordial. Dhrink to some other wake-headed fule—I'm a man. (*Turns away, and all laugh.*)

Art. (*Embarrassed*) I'll dhrink it wheder ye like, or not. (*Drinks and fills again.*) Ha! bedad it may be on'y cordial in name, but it's the rale rousin' it gevs the heart. I wondher what it's made av now? (*takes up bottle.*) Ay, dhrugs sure enough, here's the 'potecary's name "Cheatem an' Hookit" right enuf—what the dhivil can it be? (*Drinks again.*)

Shauneen. Arrah pitch the stuff to hill. (*Strikes the nearly empty bottle out of ART'S hand.*)

*Art. (Firing up.)* What's that! Mind yerself av ye're able! Here's at ye.

*Toal and others (intervening.)* Shtop! Shtop! for heaven's sake no fightin' min. Ye'll rune Barney wid the polis.

*Shauneen.* Arrah let go o' me. Why shouldn't I fite him?

*Art.* The likes of ye to offer agin me! Agin an ould O'Brien o' Limerick.

*Toal.* Ah far the love av heaven lave off?

*Tim.* Ould O'Brien indeed, ould babby.

*Toal.* Ah whisht! whisht will you? *Art.* be guided—no fightin', whisper; sure ye wuddn't sile yere han's wid such a commin' blagard!—Shauneen, be peaceful!—Barney fill up glasses all round, an' we'll drink peace to the two, fine min as they are. Come now?

*Art.* Oh! I don't want to be in bad blood wid him.

*Shauneen.* Nor I wid Art. av he'll on'y drink wid me, an' a grip av the han', and a luk in the face, at the same time—faix I'll do the same and thin all's over.

*Art.* I'm yere man! There's no bad blood here.

*Barney. (Advances with glasses; ART & SHAUNEEN grasp right hands and all stand round.)* Now, min, drink good luck and good fellowship! Sure an O'Brien's allus ready to forgive and forget! Drink at wanst! and thin all's well between ye! dhink! *(The two take the glasses in left hands and empty them.)*

*Art. (flinging his glass to earth.)* Whiskey! What divil's work's this?

*Barney (affecting amazement.)* What's that ye say—whiskey? Ye don't mane to say I gev ye whiskey in mistake? Never!

*Art. (spitting.)* Whiskey, an' no mistake at all. Barney, av I thought now ye done that a purpose—

*Toal and others.* A purpose! what nonsinse! Sure in the hate av the ruction, how'd Barney know what he gev? Arrah drop yere blusteriu', *Art.* O'Brien, ard be a man. What harrum's done?

*Art.* I don't want to quarrel.

*Murty (aside.)* What harrum indade?

*Art.* What's done 's done, boys, an' Barney didn't know mebee; sure I'll believe him.

*Murty (aside.)* Didn't knw inagh! av course not—over the left. Mebee Toal didn't tip him the wink, neyther? Though the divil a matter, save for the name av the thing, whether he gev him whiskey plain or nat, for the cordial—an' it's drunk on it he is this bless'd minnit—was all pure sperrit, wid a flavour on it; sue it's I ought to know—seein' I med it myself—me an' Toal—ha! ha! an' putt it in a medicine bottle.

*Toal.* Well *Art.* glad I am to see you willin' to be frindly an' give up that quarling. Shake hands all round, and we'll have a jorum on it, an' a song—

*All.* Ay, a song.

*Toal.* "The Ould Blood," an' Barney, ye divil ye, fill up jorums all round, an' mind, no mistakes this time—Whiskey for the min, an' cordial far the—

*Tim.* *Art.* O'Brien of the ould blood!

*Art.* What talk's this? In for a pinny in for a pour'. An' sure now



me plidge is broke—be no fault av mine, mind ye—I may as well be hung far a sheep as far a lamb. So fill up whiskey for me, Barney—fill bould and strong !

*Toal.* That's the right talk ! Sure he's a man agin, an' no slave. Here's to hill wid all enslavin', degradin', plidges !

*All.* To hill wid 'em ! They're made for fules and childre—nat for min !

*(All drink, and ART. leads off a noisy chorus while they crowd round the bar ; TOAL and MURTY come forward.)*

*Toal.* Sing on, me bould bird ! Sing while ye can—ye've nat long—the net's over ye—the snares ready to spring—the twig's limed that'll hould ye fast for ivir ! Ye're mine, Art. O'Brien !—Mine, Miss Maggie, that despised and jeered me !—Mine, till death and hill take ye for their own !

*Murty.* An' a very purty sintiment. Toal O'Dowl ye're too bad for me !

*Toal.* What's that ? What 're ye talking av, ye ould fule ?

*Murty.* Ye're too bad for avin me ! I've runed bodies far ye, but whin ye come to talk av sowls, I'll go no further wid ye !

*Toal.* What ?

*Murty. (Aside.)* Faix I'll thry it an wid him—sure I'm poor. *(Aloud.)* I'll damn no sowls far ye, Toal O'Dowl ; it isn't in me wages ; an I'll jest aff to Maggie O'Brien an' tell her all yer divilry.

*Toal.* An' what good'll that do ye ?

*Murty.* It will, for I'll tell Art., too ! Ay, an I'll show him how we med the cordial av whiskey.

*Toal.* Murty, don't be a bosthoon ! I'll give ye a crown—there !—an' let me have no more o' this talk.

*Murty. (Taking it.)* Faix, I'm poor, an' sure the poor must live, the craythures *(Knocking without ; clock strikes twelve ; all start ; after parley police admitted, and leader calls out, "ART. O'BRIEN here, and drunk!" Tableau.)*

*Toal.* That's as it should be ; that Art's broke the plidge 'ill be known all over Ballynawhack before midday to-morrow. Revenge !

*(End of Scene.)*

### ACT III.]

SCENE III.—*(ART O'BRIEN'S home ; very poor ; MAGGIE & PATSEY discovered.)*

*Patsey.* Mammy, mammy, won't ye dhry yer tears an' play wid yer own Patsey ? there's a good Mammy, now. An' Mammy, you'll be the queen in the show, an' I'll be the—what'll I be, Mammy ?

*Maggie.* The prince, my own darlin' !

*Patsey.* An' what'll dad-la be, when he comes home, Mammy

*Maggie. (weeping and catching the child to her heart.)* Whisht, Patsey darlin' ; Daddy's not well, sometimes, an' can't play. He'll go slape.



*Patsey.* Av' I ax' 'm on'y, Mammy. He won't go for you, will he !

*Maggie.* On'y when he's unwell, Patsey ; on'y then, darlin', he's contrary.

*Patsey.* But Mammy, he's near allus unwell, now ; isn't he, Mammy !

*Maggie (weeping).* Heaven on'y knows how throe that is, Patsey !  
(*Rising.*) But, darlin', rin about awhile an' play, an'—

*Patsey.* Mammy, I want to spake to ye ; whisper ! Peter Byrne said—an' mammy won't be angry ?

*Maggie.* No, no ; how could I ?

*Patsey.* He said to me mammy, that me daddy was always—

*Maggie.* Whisht ! for God's sake whisht !

*Patsey. (Astonished.)* Drunk, mammy ! the lies av him !

*Maggie.* Lies, Patsey. All lies ! nivir mind thim whin they spake bad av yere daddy, nivir listin thim ; it's ill he is an' wake fram hunger an' cowl'd (*shivers*) sure it's bither cowl'd, an' no wonder daddy's ill—rin about, darlin' playin' horses, an' warm verself.

*Patsey.* Yes, mammy, but I'm hungry ; will ye give me supper mammy ?

*Maggie.* Supper ! mavrone ! my swate son of sons, ye must go widout to-night—I—I have—no—male—

*Patsey.* A bit of cowl'd pratee, mammy ?

*Maggie. (Aside.)* Me heart's burstin' from me ! that I should have to say to me hungry child "no" when he axes for food ! (*aloud*) Patsey, darlin' nivir mind it to-night, an' I'll see an' get ye—get ye—

*Patsey.* Mammy, me darlin' mammy don't cry ! I made ye cry mammy ! nivir mind ! (*a knock heard*) wipe up yere eyes, there's some one comin'.

*Maggie.* Who's there ? Patsey, asthore, go inside and lie down on the—the straw—bed I cannot call it—who's there ?

(*Exit PATSEY, S.E.R.*)

*Kauth (Outside.)* Sure it's me—Kauth ! (*MAGGIE opens door and enter K.*) crying again, Maggie, oh me shisther, me shisther what's this awful trouble come upon yez ?

*Maggie.* The throuble—the curse—the foul divil out o hell himself ! Drink ! Oh Kauth me heart's broke wid it—me heart's broke.

*Kauth.* Sit down, darlin' an' lay yere poor hot head agin me lap—there—oh Maggie an' it's I feel for ye, an' pity ye—ye who deserved the best av husbands to get one that's killin'—

*Maggie.* Whisht, whisht ! not a word of that. He's me own darlin' husban' for iver an' iver—it's the madness that's on him.

*Kauth.* Madness ?

*Maggie.* The madness av drink. D'ye mind, Kauth, when we wor all childre together ? Was there a softer, kinder wan amongst uz than Art ?

*Kauth.* Sorra a wan—he was the pick av all.

*Maggie.* An' d'ye mind, when we all growed to be young min an' young wimin, who was the bouldest, the bravest, the best av thim all ?

*Kauth.* Sorra to spake it—it was Art. O'Brien ! av he hadn't been, ye'd nivir have tuk him, Maggie ; he *was* the best.

*Maggie.* Ay, the best ; an' the kindest, the most generous, the noblest—ay, an' the most loving an' tinder ! D'ye mind too, Kauth, how the

wild shlips of geruls (and who of them was wilder nor gayer than me and you ?) how they'd be tazing me an' sayin' Art. 'd lave me bekase I wasn't good enuff for him ? D'ye mind it, Kauth ?

*Kauth.* Ay do I, well ; an' the rage you'd be in wid them.

*Maggie.* 'Twas the rage of love, Kauth ! mebee they'd call it jealousy ; but it was love, I loved the very shadow av him, I loved the groun' he throd on, I loved aven the dog ar the baste he shtroked ; oh ! Kauth ! Kauth ! I loved him more than me sowl, more than me God—an' I love him still as fond as ivir !

*Kauth.* (*Pointing to scar*) Wid that mark of his an ye ?

*Maggie.* Ay wid that mark av his, gerul ! Though I'll carry it to me grave, doesn't I know he done it in madness—this ma'ness av drink !—see now, asthore, there's this fine, noble, darlin' young man we've talked av ; an' he rises in the wurruld ; an' a gerul, mad wid love av him, axes him to marry her ; an' he does ; an' they thrive an' prosper (in spite av a father's curse) ; an' God blesses thim wid three lovely childre—oh Kauth ! Kauth ! me darling childre—

*Kauth.* Be calm, sisther, be calm—

*Maggie.*—an' all the—happiness—ay, an' comfort becomin their station—in the wurruld is their's—there's not a blessin' wantin', not a need remainin' unfulfilled—when—merciful God ! how can I spake the words !—when the madness—the divil out o' hill—seizes me unfortunate, Art.—the light o' me eyes—the darling av me sowl—an' all at wanst—a'most like a flash av lightening—all is changed—prosperity flies away : the thrift of years is melted like snow ; character is soon lost ; pace knows us no more ; aven the undyin' love betune us is changed to curses and blows ! an', oh Kauth, it wrinches me heart's core to spake it ! an' me two lovely babes is taken from me—to heaven—betther far thim purabs—betther for all—but, oh Kauth ! who killed them ?

*Kauth.* Whisht, Maggie darlin' ! ye musn't spake so—sure 'twas the faver !

*Maggie* (*laughing hysterically, then crying.*) Faver, Faver inagh ! It was the dhrink that killed thim innocents—Ay Kauth, stare though ye may—it was the cursed dhrink, an' nothin' else ! They wor starved !

*Kauth.* Oh Maggie this is awful !

*Maggie.* Awful ! and thrue, as I live an' breathe, as I hold up that han' to Heaven, those babes—my own blessed darlins—by dhrink, an' dhrink alone, were murdered ! (*Door flies open and in staggers Art.*)

*Art.* Mur—murdered ! Who's talkin' av murdered here ? Wat d'ye mane be sittin' down here ? an' you, Ka—Kauth, what divil's mischief are you up to ? plottin' mur—murder ! Where's Patsey ? where's me heart's sonny ?

*Kauth.* Baste ! Arn't ye shamed av yerself ?

*Art.* Shamed ! not a bit ! For why ? Ga long and git a bit to ate Mag—I'm famished wid hunger.

*Maggie.* Oh Art I have no money, sure !

*Art.* No money ! who wantsh money ? it's mate I want—get some. D'ye hear me, ye slatthern—

*Kauth.* What d'ye mane, ye blagard, be spaking to her so ? I'll larn ye manners, ye cowardly—ah ! wudd ye—

*Maggie.* For the love of God, go, Kauth ! he'll kill ye mebee ; he's mad when he's like this ! go, go ! (*Enter FRANK*)

*Frank.* Kauth ! Art ! What's this conduct ? are you wild to shrike me wife ?

*Art.* Ay, an' yerself too ! What d'ye luk at me thataway for ?

*Frank.* One moment, be sober av ye ivir were now ! *Art.* O'Brien, y'll mebee nivir see me again—I can bear the shame no longer ; Kauth an' I sail for America next week !

*Art.* } Shail for 'merica !

*Maggie* } My God ! alone ! alone in the world !

(MAGGIE sinks weeping on a stool, KAUTH supports her.)

*Frank.* An' before we go, let me say wan word of warnin' ; let me, in the nem of all that's most holy, pray av ye to spare that poor woman crouchin at yere feet ?—in God's name ? *Art.*

*Art.* Warnin' an' prayin' me ? Ga long wid ye ! ga long to hlll out o this (MAGGIE breaks from KAUTH and runs out calling "PATSEY !") Ga long lest I knock ye enta bits, ye spalpeen ye

*Kauth.* For the love af God, come Frank ! (*Exeunt by door.*)

*Art.* Ga long wid ye, ye prachin, snivellin', hound ! wid no pluck nor manhudd ; a disgrace to the gran' ould O'Brien race. (*Yells out* "The ould Blood.") (*Enter MAGGIE and PATSEY S. E. R.*)

*Patsey.* Daddy, won't ye come an' lie down be yer own Patsey ?

*Art.* My son av me heart ! That I will, Patsey ! now ?

*Patsey* (*taking his hand*) Ay now, Daddy, we'll go slape (*Exeunt S. E. R.*)

*Maggie.* Wan night more tided over. Wan more crime staved off. Great Heavens above, I thank thee ! Here, an' me bended knees, I thank me God no blood's been shed in this roof this night (*shudders violently*) an' oh ! what a fearful thing to return each night me thanks for ; ay, an' thanks to Heaven that keeps me safe. What's before me 'd make most wans mad—a barren home, no food, no fire, no babes av me breast—but the both gan to the angels they kem from ; no frinds in the wurruld but those that are lavin me—not a morsel, nor a hope av a morsel for me starvin first-born—a darlin' devoted husban' transformed into a wild baste—a monster of cruelty an' disgust ! Oh God ! me God ! have mercy for me son's sake, me husban's sake, have mercy !

(*Falls, and end of Scene.*)

### ACT. III.

SCENE IV.—WIDOW BRANIGAN'S shop ; TOAL and WIDOW B. *discovered.*)

*Widow B.* Gane ye say ? clean gane ;

*Toal.* Clean gane, bag an' baggage ; I saw thim off meself, unbeknownst though ; Kauth took on dreadful.

*Widow B.* Did she thin, the hussey ? Why'd she be takin' on an' her husban' wid her ? It's mighty quare.

*Toal.* Mebee she lift a bit av her heart behind ? who knows ? Sure

ye're beau Powdherwig was swate on her wanst—ay, an' she on him—are ye jealous, widdy?

*Widow B.* Jealous av her! an' she an O'Brien—be marriage though it is—what'd I be jealous off, inagh!

*Toal.* Faix I dunno—ony I thought ye worn't particularly swate on any of thim, the way the've thrated ye.

*Widow B.* Troth an' ye're right. I hate the whole bilin' av thim—a proud, concated lot!—wan av thim sets her cap—an' she, Heavens be good to us, a married woman—at my man; and another half kills the poor fellow wid a load a male dropped on his neck! let lone a side of a pig! I hate them, Toal.

*Toal.* The divil a doubt o that—av I'm any judge av faces; an' ye're not the ony wan, ayther, Widdy. Well th're gane now, and there's the end of them!

*Widow B.* Ony the worst's left behind, an' that's Art. Drunken baste!

*Toal.* Thru' far ye; an' a disgrace to the town; awful he is!

*Widow B.* Poor Maggie! I a'most pity her at times! near naked, an' stervin' about the place. Faix I'd a'most help her now, Toal, ony I soor I'd be rivinged an all av thim, an' her baste av a husban' above all: I soor it, an' I'udn't go gack o me word—'ud I Toal?

*Toal.* Why wud ye? Sure ye'd always kape up a proper sperrit, Widdy. (*aside*) av a woman's jealous, or afinded in her faling's about her man, bedad she'll go to hill far her rivinge! and more power to her elbow say I.

*Widow B.* Ay that's the talk, sperrit's a fine thing, so whan Maggie kem here beggin' a grain o male—

*Toal.* Beggin' male? So low as that?

*Widow B.* Ay an' lower av possible! She begged a dish av me—for the sonny, she said—but I said, says I, "Mrs. O'Brien yese'll plaze not to ax me," ses I, for, ses I, "I've tuk a vow to give nothin'"—I didn't say to *who*—an', ses I, "you wouldn't have me go back o' me oath!"

*Toal.* Well, an' what did *she* say?

*Widow B.* Jest nothin', av ye plaze the proud they are still, but turns on her heel an' out she goes, for the wurruld like a thragedy—ah Mr. Powdherwig, sure it's good for sore eyes to see ye.

(*Enter Powdherwig.*)

*Toal.* Good evenin' to ye Mr. Powdherwig. Troth I'll be goin'—two's company, three's none. An' whisper wildy, strike while iron's hot—he's the best chance you'll get—fine ligs—an' illigant head o' male—an' a penny in the bank, eh Widdy.

*Widow B.* Ga 'long wid ye little divil. (*Exit TOAL.*) So, Mr. Powdherwig, ye're love's gan.

*Powdherwig.* No, my chawmaw, yaw not gone; yaw heaw still to enchant yaw hown sweet P.

*Widow B.* Ay, but the other charmer—Kauth, Murray, that was—aff to Ameriky widout ye.

*Powdherwig.* Hi'm glad the paw gal's gaun—perfect baw the way she flung herself at me; reawly pitied haw. Should have taken drunken brothaw with haw though. Saw him just now reelin' along the street, singing his mad song—really Mrs. B. adawble one, he is two bad.

*Widow B.* Thru' for ye; he's the burning shame av Ballynawhack Dhrunk day and night—night an' day—in rags and tatthers an' dirt—

an' his poor wife an' boy starvin'. Heigho I wander are all min as decateful min? I mind him a sober, noble, young sthrip of a fellow, heigho!

*Powderwig.* Hall men are not. Hi ham not, Mrs. B.; hoh my angel lady, hif yound' honly say the word, hif yon'd honly place thy 'and hin mine—say, oh say most beautifu' hof Branigans, why not become—ahem—Mrs. Sweet P.?

*Widow B. (sinks into his arms.)* Oh its the happy pig-jobber I am this day! Powderwig, darling! I'm thine for ever.

*Powdherwig. (Kissing.)* Beauteous Branigan, ha, ho. *(Aside.)* My hi, hain't she a waste? *(aloud)* what bliss his mine, hand ho, Branigan ho, Branigan this his *(aside)* 'ang it hall, I'll 'ave to let her drop. *(Aloud)* this is ho, the scrumpliast moment hof my life.

*(She tries to get up, he slips backwards under the weight, and drops her.)*  
*End of scene.*

### ACT III

SCENE V.—*(Art. O'BRIEN'S home; MAGGIE crouching over the empty fireplace and weeping bitterly.)*

*Maggie.* The boy; me darlin'; Oh would that he wor dead? No food this day has passed those prutty lips, save a bare crust flung him in the gutther! No clothes to keep out the icy sleet an' the bitther bitin' cowl'd! no fire to warm the little tender limbs av him; no bed to lie on but a rowl av filthy straw! No father to care far him ony wan that's mad! an' the worst madness! No mother to cheer him, save a heart-broken despairin woman who cannot avin die far him. Patsey, Patsey, the core av me heart, there's moments whin I more than wish ye dead! there's times whin black, hellish, thoughts breed in me mind, an' creep, an' crawl, an' mount higher an' ivir higher till they touch an' blaze up me brain wid poisoned idays for fagots—till they make me a'most feel for a kni—Great God! Keep me sane! *(noise without, a knock)* whisht! Art? no, it is not Art., *(bitterly)* I know that—its too quiet a knock for a dhrun—*(door opens and enter TOAL).* You here! tell me! what's—speak—for heaven's sake tell me Art, is not—Oh, speak! What of Art?

*Toal.* Maggie, Maggie! I know nothing of Art.—how should I!

*Maggie.* How should you? Who'd know bether than the man that runed him ha! ha! I know ye, Toal O'Dowl! Ye've nivir decaved me!

*Toal.* Have I not, thin? Well, that's a comfort t'ye anyway, Mrs. O'Brien.

*Maggie.* Small comfort's lift me in this wurruld; but there's wan at any rates, an' that's to be quit av you, Toal O'Dowl, so spake yer business, an' be gan fram under me roof-three lest it should fall and kill ye.

*Toal.* Pleasant spakin'. Faix I'll take it aisy—here's an illigant arrum chair, ha! ha! *(Sits on an old box.)*



*Maggie.* What impidence is this ?

*Toal.* None at all.

*Maggie.* Lave me house at ons't !

*Toal.* Your house, ha ! ha ! Mebee ye don't know it's *my* house ! I bought it three months ago from the poor fule that's let ye live here so long 'ithout a pinny rint ; it's *my* house, and there's me papers.

*Maggie.* Shameless villyan, that ye are ! I'd sooner lie in the ditch than undher this roof—three—I'll lave it—now.

*Toal.* Ay ; an' the child—it's snowin' out.

*Maggie.* Heartless wretch ! Me boy, me boy, how can I take ye out ?

*Toal.* Well, don't ; that's all. I'll let ye stay in ; it's a pleasure to come an' watch ye ; the housekeepin's illigant.

*Maggie.* Av I die for it, av Patsey dies for it, I'll lave this to-morrow.

*Toal.* Ah, thin, ye won't now. Art, won't let me. He's my servant, d'ye see Maggie Murray—I like that name best—he's my *slave*, Maggie Murray ; and wid wan glass av whiskey, ay or half, he does anything whatever I bid him Maggie Murray ; d'ye see that, now ? Ye'll stop here.

*Maggie.* Toal O'Dowl ! av I was a man I'd—Oh ! I d tear ye as ye stand !

*Toal.* Ha, ha, ha, wudd ye now ? The joke av it !—But we'll quit coddin' and talk sense. (*Rising.*) D'ye mind, Maggie Murray, ivir callin' me me 'A Poonch 'ithout the faytures, eh ? Whose the Poonch now ? Meself ? ar yere bastly blagard of a husband wid the 'faytures' av the dhrunkard, and 'ithout the sense avin av the Poonch ? Has 'little Toal' bet ye there, Miss Maggie Murray ?

*Maggie.* Thriumph at yer will, the thriumph's a poor wan !

*Toal.* Thriumph ! Ay, I thriumph over the ould, ould whiskey, an' ould cabin, wid Miss Maggie Murray, to mix the poonch wid plenty av faytures av sin, av sorra' an' av want ! D'ye mind that ?

*Maggie.* Villyan ! heaven'll punish ye !

*Toal.* Ay, indade nom ?—Well, d'ye know what I soor ? 'Poonch 'ithout the faytures' 'd have his rivinge—I soor want an' sorra an' misery'd rivinge me ; dhrink'd rivinge me ; blows'd rivinge me (an' Miss Maggie Murray that's an illigant clip ye have over the eye—ha ! does that mek ye wince ?) I soor blood'd rivinge me ; an' haven't I seen it flow fram ye—at his han'—like wather fram the pump ? I soor murder'd rivinge me—an' who knows the hour but what it will ?

*Maggie.* Ye monsther av hell ! wud ye put me own husban' to murder me ? My God free me from this fearful villyun ! My God ! My God !

*Toal.* Ay, Maggie Murray ! call an yere God, but how will He answer ye whin ye're own father cursed ye ? an' who brought ye the curse ? Who, I ax, Miss Maggie Murray ? T'was me, t'was Toal O'Dowl 'the little Leprechaun,' putt it in the old man's heart an' worked it out afterwards ! "Cursed be ye abroad !" he said ; "cursed at home ! cursed in one another ! cursed in yere children ! cursed for ivir be yere lot !" Has it come to ye, Miss Maggie Murray ?

*Maggie.* (*Who has sunk on her knees.*) Oh, mercy ! mercy ! in pity's name me : cy !

*Toal.* Did ye ivir show mercy to me? No! But yet—I'm not so black as I'm painted—I'll show some to you. For, Maggie Murray, despised and hated as I always am by ye, Maggie Murray, I love ye still! Whusper—

*Maggie.* (*Seizing a chopper.*) Inhuman, disgusting monsther! I'll free the wurruld av ye. (*rushes at him; he escapes by door; MAGGIE flings the axe away, bursts into tears and sinks on floor in faint; pause; enter POWDERWIG.*)

*Powderwig.* Mrs. O'Brien! Mrs. O'Brien! wall I nevaw! the pore creetchaw's in a suwound! Mrs. O'Brien, I say!

*Maggie.* (*Faintly.*) Who's that? Patsey? Art.? Oh, my head! Ah, Mr. Powderwig (*rising*) a faint—that's all—

*Powderwig.* (*Gravely.*) Mrs. O'Brien, from me 'art hof 'arts I pity you, hand so does my sweet B. that is now—ahem—is Mrs. P.—hand, Mrs. O'Brien, you'll pardon the hintrusion—

*Maggie.* It's few intrudes here now—wan's jest gan, and there can't be a worse come—go on sir!

*Powderwig.* Forgive me! Hi'm not an 'artless man; Hi an' Mrs. P. (*Mrs. B. has was*) whom Hi persuaded to forget hand forgive, take the liberty hof hofferin' you a place—ha berth, has I may say—hof comfort, hand hindependence—

*Maggie.* (*Eagerly.*) Oh, sir, for the love of heaven, where! Tell me where a poor disgraced and broken woman may be taken, to work her flesh from her fingers for bread for her and hers. Tell me, in glory's name!

*Powderwig.* Haw! the work would be 'ardish, is 'ardish, but the pay and living is good, hand you can 'ave it hat once, Mrs. O'Brien.

*Maggie.* (*Grasping his hand.*) At once! Oh, sir! You've saved us, saved us.

*Powderwig.* Ahem—but there' one condition hattached, Mrs. O'Brien, slight, but cannot be hoverlooked—you must come hand *live* hin the place—

*Maggie.* (*Recoiling.*) An' lave me husban'?

*Powderwig.* Ahem—that his essential—leave him haltogether—my horders har himperative.

*Maggie.* (*Sadly and firmly.*) Then, sir, ye may take yere orders back where they kem from. I thank ye kindly, fram me heart, I thank ye, for thinking av me, but my duty is here. I cannot leave my husband.

*Powderwig.* Cannot leave him? Hexcuse me, Mrs. O'Brien, but it his madness to stop with such a man. He's—he's—he's dangerous, I'm told.

*Maggie.* Enough for me, he's my husband. I stay wid him while life lasts—an' after—jest as it's plazin' to heaven.

*Powderwig.* Hand you reawlly refuse, Mrs. O'Brien? So say, yes or no, finally.

*Maggie.* No, a thousand times, no! Never till the day of my death, or of his. I took him. I axed him to marry me, not he axed me; an' avin' av it wor otherwise, I soore at the altar, I'd be his true wife, and never, never, shall I leave him—come woe, come despair—till death for ever bursts the band betune us! Never!

*Powderwig.* Mrs. O'Brien, Hi respect hand Hi Hadmire you; but you'll hexcuse me for saying your hansaw is that of a madwoman.

*Maggie.* Mad, perhaps; but true to the deatl! (*End of scene.*)

## ACT III.

SCENE VI. (*Outside Scadhan's; night; TOAL and MURTY discovered.*)

*Toal.* Mad! an' wuddn't I be mad wid that cat o' he'll like to murder me wid an axe? Mad indade.

*Murty. (Aside.)* Gorra it's pity she didn't rid the wurruld av the baste. (*Aloud.*) Oh, bebad, that althers, the case, an' no wondher, Toal, ye're put out—a cat o' hell indade.

*Toal.* Murty! av I wasn't afraid av the noise—no harm tellin' you' for no wan'd believe yer oath—av it wasn't far the noise—see there (*showing brace pistols in belt*) I'd a shot her!

*Murty.* Wudd ye now? Bedad it's kind o ye.

*Toal.* No nonsense wid me to-night, Murty! I'm in no humour to stand it. Do what I bid ye; fill him up mad wid dhrink—make him a wild raving madman an'—we'll go there; I'll say no more; do as I bid ye; and there's all the gould I have about me for airnest or more.

*Murty. (Clutching gold.)* Twenty-two golden sovereigns.

*Toal.* Mind ye do it! Mad, I say, ravin' mad must Art. O'Brien be an hour or two hence. (*Exit S. E. R.*)

*Murty.* It's bloody villuny, I know's up; but what can a poor ould scowliogue do? Faix I'll hide the gould away—it's dangerous to be found an one. (*Exit L. (Enter ART. in tatters; pale as death, bloodshot eyes, misery, M. E. R.)*)

*Art. (Maudlin.)* Pity a poor lost man!—an ould O'Brien av Limerick; bedad I'll sing ye the grand song av the rale ould stock, an' all for the price of a naggin. Sure it's chape it is. Arrah whisht! There's no wan to hear me now, an me dyin' far a sup av whiskey; an' there's Scadhan's, so warm and cosy—ay, an' listen to the laffin'—mebee at me—didn't that imp o' hill, Barney, kick me out av his doors this day for beggin' the price av a glass? the mane, dirthy scoundhrel—an' me that spint a fortune there in dhrink? Curse the dhrink! Curse it, I say! Curse the man that makes it! Curse the man that lives by it! Curse the man that sells it! Curses for ivir light an the head av those that timpt to it—Ay, Art. O'Brien, Art. O'Brien, it's well ye may curse it! Where's me strength, an' manhood, an' pride now?—Gone to the wild, bleak winds av heaven! Where's me religion?—Gone for ivir! Where's me home—me own dear home—that I tuk the joy an' the glory in?—Gone for ivir! Where's the thrade that thruv as no ither man's thruv?—Gone for ivir! Where's the darlin babes I loved—little Franky, the darlin' little crathure wid the goulden hair, an' the eyes av heaven's own blue; and me wisheen Meg., the angel an airth, wid the angel voice av her—where are me childre?—Gone for ivir! all but me sonny—me own sonny Patsey—an av he'd go—av he'd go! nathin' should hould me on earth! nothin'—heaven itself 'udn't stop me; 'ithout Patsey I'm a roaring wild baste—an' Maggie! the Maggie av me youth av me wild love, the Maggie I worshipped—ay adored! Great God! what is she *now*? Wan—wasted—starved—half-naked—bathered, bathered I say, with that trimbling fist! Oh I'll go mad to think av it all!—mad! mad! for the dhrup to keep me up—mad!

*Murty entering L.* Art. O'Brien ! arrah what are ye screechin' about ? Bedad the polis'll have ye ?

*Ars.* Murty Nolan ! for the love av heaven give me a dhrink ! For yere dear sowl's sake git me a sup of whiskey !

*Murty.* See how low he is ! wanst I was beggin av him ; now I'm his masther. Well I will—I will—in wid ye to Scadhan's. Damn me I'll earn the gould ! (*Exeunt into Scadhans' end of scene.*)

### ACT III.

SCENE VII.—(*Art O'Brien's home, same as previously ; MAGGIE and POWDERWIG discovered.*)

*Maggie.* (*In tears.*) No, Mr. Powderwig, I must say no ! An' its wid black despair ating at me heart I say it. Weary an' worn, an' beaten down am I in this miserable wurld ; an', av it plazed the Almighty, oh ! how willingly, how gladly, how I'd rejoice to lay here—now—lay down and pass away to nothin'—an' spite av all that misery an' woe of body and soul, I cannot take what ye offer me, an'—

*Powderwig.* Pray, Mrs. O'Brien, considaw again yaw feeble position—considaw the boy's.

*Maggie.* Me brain's nigh an fire, an' me heart's near burstin' wid thinking av it—but I am resolved. I thank ye, an' I bless ye, an' yere good wife too—shure help comes aften from where it's least expected, glory be to God !—an' the thanks an' prayers av a heart-broken, most miserable, almost despairin' mother, may be something ; but wid me thanks an' me prayers there's all ended betune us ; niver need ye offer me help agin ; I can not, an' I will not, so help me heaven ! lave my husban' av me own will !

*Powderwig.* But the boy ; surely you will let us take the boy from here ; he will die here—

*Maggie.* Die ! ay, an' the sooner the betther ! Let him go to his God, an' what more can we hope for ? Die ?—so be it.

*Powdherwig.* Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. O'Brien, surely this is sinful ! This is indeedy terrible—give us the boy, pray let me take your dear little Patsey away ? (*the door is burst in ; Art., mad with drink rushes in.*)

*Art.* Take away Patsey ? Damned villyun o' hill, would you stale me child—I'll kill ye.

*Maggie.* For the love of heaven, Art ! Stay ye're hand. Murdher ! Oh, rin, rin, in there. (*Exit POWDERWIG S. E. R. MAGGIE after him ; Art. following is tripped by a stool and falls.*)

*Art.* Bring him out ! hunt him out, Maggie ! The robber av me child ! Bring him out (*arms himself with chil'ds stool and stands near L. POWDERWIG enters hurriedly from S.E.R. ART flings stool with all his force, POWDERWIG jumps to one side disclosing PATSEY (a dummy) who is knocked down dead by the blow ; MAGGIE falls over the body ; a loud cry of "murdher !" and enter TOAL, MURTY, MRS. POWDERWIG &c. &c.,—Tableau ! ART flings*

*up his arms and cries, "My God ! I've killed my son!" POWDERWIG runs under his arms and secures him.)*

TOAL. Murdher ! Murdher ! Seize the Murderer ! (*Runs towards ART., who struggles free from POWDERWIG, seizes the pistols from Toal's belt shoots TOAL and then himself ; a pause.*)

Murty (*Spurning Toal's body.*) Filthy divil ! Iviry bit av this was yere own handiwork.

Maggie. (*Raising her head cries wildy.*) Drink ! Drink ! God remove from us this Curse of Drink !

*Green Curtain and End.*





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